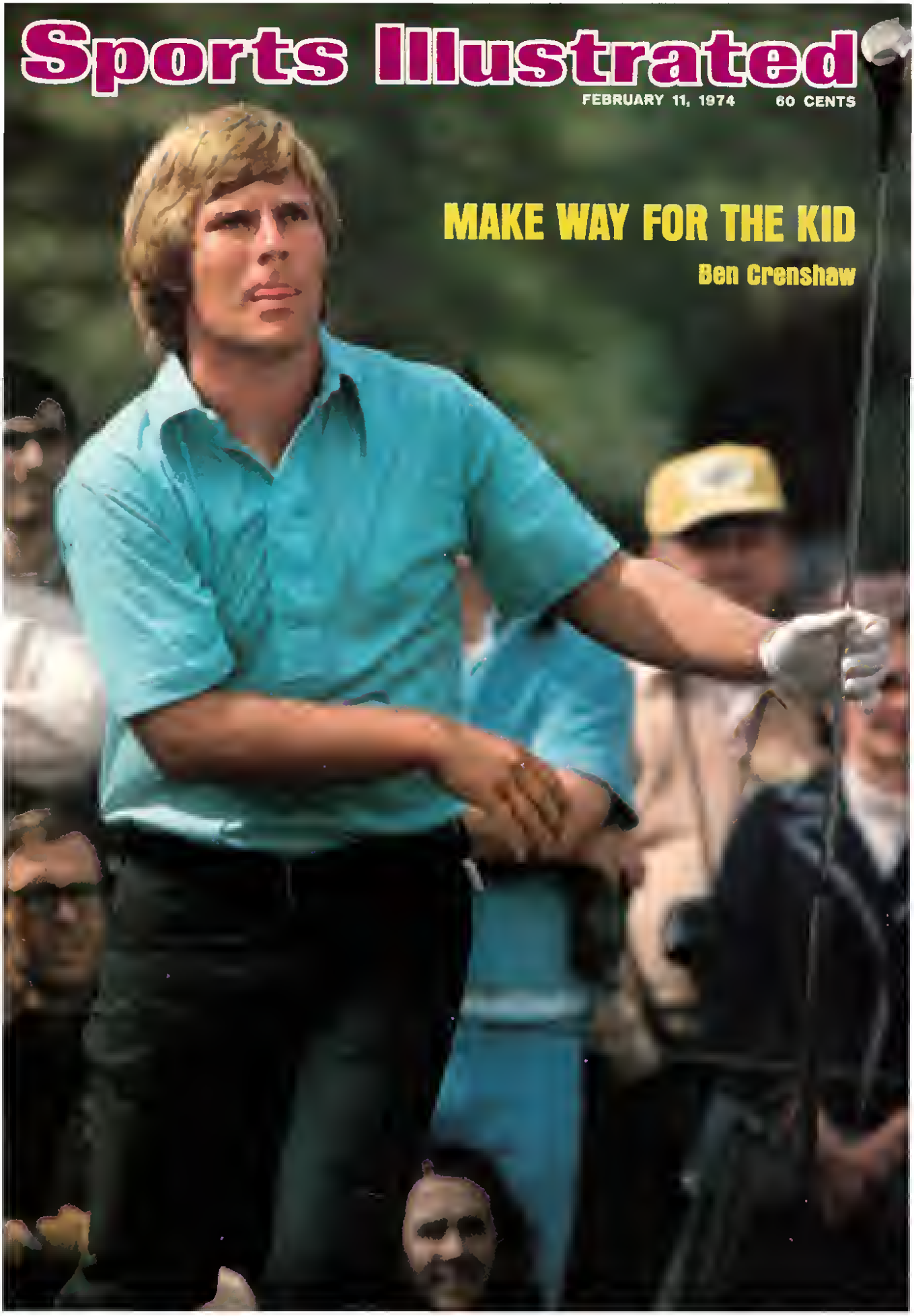
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1974 60 CENTS



MAKE WAY FOR THE KID

Ben Crenshaw

Plymouth Scamp.
You get what you pay for, plus something you don't: automatic transmission.



The Plymouth Scamp is a sensible, economical, six-passenger compact that's also a stylish two-door hardtop.

The Scamp in the picture is something special. It's equipped with a vinyl roof, whitewalls, wheel covers, power steering, AM radio, left outside remote control mirror, 3-speed wipers and electric washers, day/night inside mirror, special sound insulation, bumper guards, special lights, and special trim inside and out; the kind of things you most likely want on a car anyway.

Here's how to get the automatic transmission free. If you buy a specially-equipped Scamp we won't charge your dealer for the automatic transmission. So he doesn't have to charge you.

Of course, when you buy our Scamp, you get a lot more than a free automatic transmission.

Here's what else you get.
You get the kind of engineering that goes into our most expensive Chryslers and Imperials. Engineering that offers you torsion-bar suspension, Unibody construction, and an Electronic Ignition System.

Scamp scrimps on fuel.
As you've read on the right-hand page, Scamp has a standard "Slant Six" engine that Popular Science says can get more miles per gallon than comparable cars like Apollo, Nova, Maverick, and Comet.

So you see, when you buy a Scamp, you really save in the long run.

Ask your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer about it.

Plymouth Scamp.

One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.

Introducing Plymouth Valiant Brougham.



One of life's little luxuries.
We built the new Valiant Brougham for people who want the comfort of a luxury car, and the economy and size of a compact car.

The Car.
Valiant Brougham is designed to have plenty of room for six passengers. But it's not too big. It's a tough little Plymouth compact with the kind of luxuries you'd never expect to find in a compact.

The luxuries.
Imagine settling comfortably into Valiant Brougham's parchment colored, crushed velour bucket seats with center armrest. (Or, if you prefer, there's a crushed velour bench seat).

There is an instrument panel with a wood-grained look, complete with radio; there's also cut pile carpeting, map pockets behind the front seat, and assist straps left and right. The total impression is that of many European luxury cars. Standard features like this assure you, Valiant Brougham is not an ordinary compact.


Crushed velour bucket seats

The engineering.
You'll find such engineering features as torsion-bar suspension. Unibody construction. And an Electronic Ignition System that has no points or condenser to replace. You'll also find such standard equipment as: power steering, disc brakes, and automatic transmission.

The gas mileage.
This is the one time Valiant Brougham doesn't act like a luxury car. You may order it with a standard six cylinder engine. After all, saving gas is stylish, too.

See your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer.
He'll tell you about the advantages of owning a small car like Valiant Brougham. It's the kind of luxury you can afford.

Valiant Brougham.

One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.

Plymouth Gold Duster.
You buy the car. We'll cover the roof.



The Plymouth Gold Duster is one of the most popular cars we build. No wonder. Gold Duster is a compact, but it has room enough to seat five. And its trunk is really a whopper.

It's a "keeper."
It comes equipped with vinyl seats, thick carpeting, special sound insulation, wheel covers, whitewall tires, and special trim inside and out; the things people usually want on a car anyway.

The roof is on the house.
When you order a Gold Duster with all its equipment, we don't charge your dealer for the vinyl roof. So he doesn't have to charge you.

Electronic ignition.
Something else you'll like about Duster is its Electronic Ignition System. There are no points or condenser to replace. And it helps spark plugs last up to 18,000 miles. So it saves maintenance money.



Canopy vinyl roof—no extra charge

It goes miles and miles on a gallon of gas.
According to that Popular Science article that we mentioned on the page at the right, Duster's standard "Slant Six" engine can get more miles per gallon than comparable cars like Nova, Maverick, Comet, and Apollo.

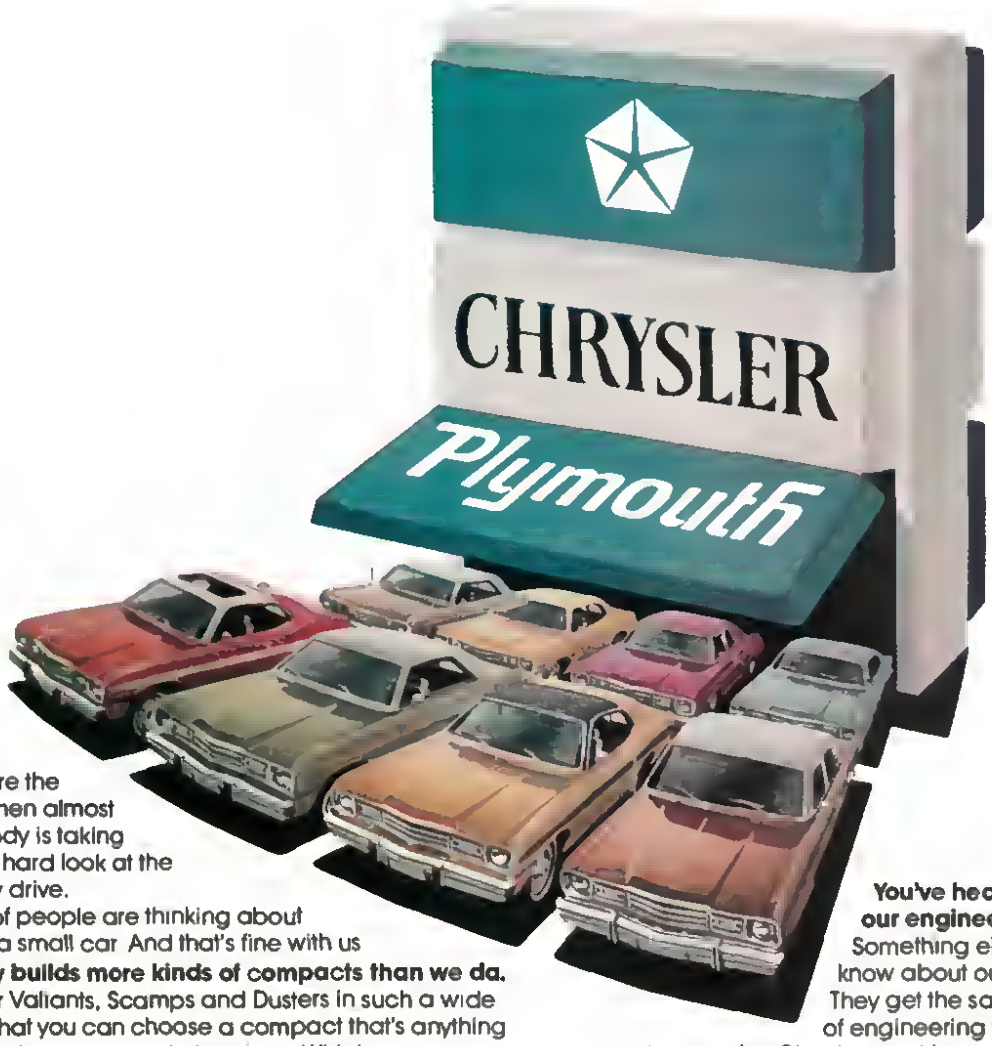
You'll find a lot of things to like about Gold Duster.
Just go to your local Chrysler-Plymouth dealer, and look under the free vinyl roof.

Gold Duster.

One of eight great small car buys from Plymouth.

When it comes to small cars, come to Plymouth.

We've got a lot of great ways to go.



These are the times when almost everybody is taking a good hard look at the car they drive.

A lot of people are thinking about buying a small car. And that's fine with us.

Nobody builds more kinds of compacts than we do. We offer Valiants, Scamps and Dusters in such a wide variety that you can choose a compact that's anything from spartan, to sporty, to luxurious. Whichever you choose, you'll get a compact with plenty of room for at least five passengers and a trunk that's bigger than comparable compacts from Ford and GM.

Our compacts treat gas like it's scarce. Something all eight of our compacts have in common are six cylinder engines that squeeze the miles out of a gallon of gas.

Popular Science Magazine recently published test results on '73 cars (with figures adjusted by Popular Science to reflect 1974 model changes and the results of E.P.A. tests). They show our "Slant Six" engine can get better mileage than Nova, Maverick, Comet, Ventura and Apollo. And it still has plenty of power for passing and acceleration.

You've heard about our engineering. Something else you should know about our compacts. They get the same kind of engineering that goes into our most expensive Chryslers and Imperials.

For example, they all have an Electronic Ignition System with no points or condenser to replace. It gives up to 35% more starting power than conventional systems. And it can save a bundle on maintenance.

We also weld our car bodies together into a single unit for strength.

We've built and sold more than 4 million compacts. Last year alone, our company sold more compacts than anybody else. Most likely, for many of the reasons you've just read about. So, if you're taking a long hard look at the car you drive, read this ad about the cars we offer. Maybe you'll want to take a long hard look at one of our compacts.

We think you'll like what you see.

Extra care in engineering... it makes a difference.

Tune in NHL Hockey on NBC TV. Brought to you by Chrysler Corporation



Red is the label of my true love's Scotch.

Just the two of us and Johnnie Walker Red. What a perfectly marvelous idea.

Why not share the smooth, satisfying Scotch with your true love for a happy Valentine's Day and a wonderful Valentine's Night.

100% Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof.
Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

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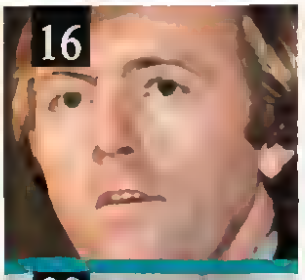
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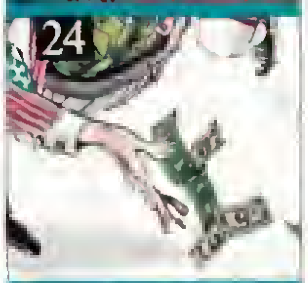
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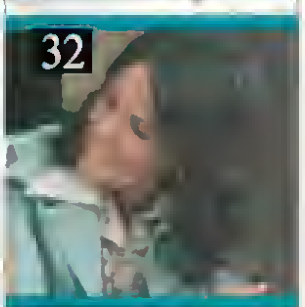
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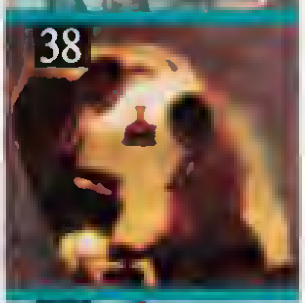














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Next week

NO TEA PARTY for the Boston Celtics are successive games against Chicago, Milwaukee, New York and Milwaukee again. Peter Carry describes the power struggle.

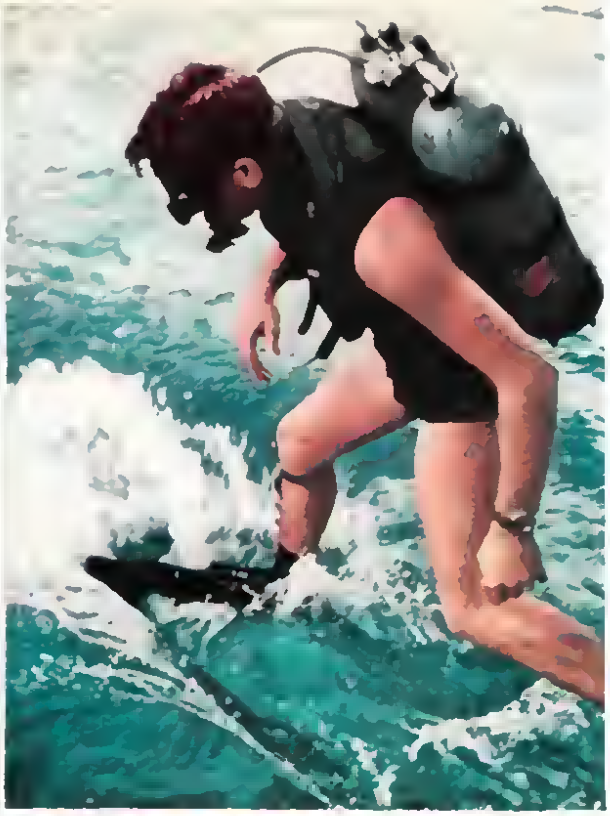
ECLECTICALLY charged Lee Evans has been into yoga, vegetables, astrology and witchcraft without losing track of his essential pursuit—running. Jerry Kirshenbaum reports.

HORNS OF A DILEMMA: Against a predictable barrage of criticism, America's foremost trophy hunters defend the position that their collections indeed serve a useful purpose.

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Life's too short to waste time wishing you were somewhere else.

Get moving.











Grab the first job that's open and suddenly you're there a lifetime. And you're nowhere.

You want more than that out of life.

The Navy is a place to grow. Master a skill. Construction, mechanics, welding. Good, hard work. With your own two hands. And the wind in your teeth.

Or learn computers. Electronics. Medical techniques. Working with others. Learning to lead them.

It's all waiting for you, if you qualify. The Navy is one of the great teachers. And instead of paying to learn, the Navy pays you.

See the world. Laugh. Learn. (And swab some decks, too.)

Get all the facts. Talk to your local Navy Recruiter. Or call us. Anytime, any day. 800-841-8000. It's toll-free.

A good job. A good life. The Navy: it's a good deal.

Be someone special. Join the Navy.

Salem refreshes naturally.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report [illegible]

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

This is a signal week in the almost 20 years that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has been in existence. The magazine you are reading is the first published under the direction of Roy Terrell, our new managing editor, and the first since May 1960 in which that position on our masthead has not been filled by the name of Andre Laguerre. UCLA's winning streak of 88 is certainly distinctive, but Laguerre, who relinquished his post last week, headed our staff for 704 consecutive issues, a record for managing editors of Time Inc. publications.

Although Laguerre will remain with the company in a top editorial capacity—first, he will study the feasibility of an overseas edition of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—his departure from these pages is something of a wrench for all of us. During his nearly 14 years as *managing* editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's circulation rose from 900,000 to 2,250,000, its annual advertising revenue from $11.9 million to $72.2 million. In an era when some of the old giants of magazine publishing were failing (*Collier's*, the old *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, LIFE), SPORTS ILLUSTRATED grew mightily. Laguerre's part in that extraordinary growth was vital. A close-mouthed, self-contained man who seemed forbidding to some, he was the source of many of the exciting and, at the time, radical ideas that helped this magazine flourish in the face of television's supposedly invincible challenge to any form of pictorial journalism. Foremost among his innovations was his insistent use of late-deadline photographs in color. Today, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gives its readers more such color photography than does any other publication in the world.

Despite his reserve, Laguerre's personality was pervading, dominating; he exuded strength and leadership. He could also display great personal charm, and he commanded affection and loyalty from his staff. As Mark Kram chanced to write, in the last sentence of the very last story Laguerre edited for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "He was a singular man . . ."

•

Roy Terrell, who came to us from the *Corpus Christi* (Texas) *Caller-Times* in June 1955, was personally selected by Laguerre, then an assistant managing editor under Sidney L. James, to go with him to Melbourne, Australia, for the 1956 Olympic Games. There, the two were instrumental in efforts to bring defecting Hungarian athletes to the U.S. During the late 1950s and early 1960s, Terrell was the busiest and most versatile writer on our staff. In addition to the Summer Olympics, he covered football, baseball, basketball, track and field, Alpine skiing and the Winter Olympics, as well as such esoteric pastimes as cricket and soaring. According to one of our senior editors, who will brook no argument, Terrell in those years was "without question the best general sportswriter in the country."


LAGUERRE


TERRELL

In 1962 Terrell turned from writing to editing, and a year later Laguerre made him an assistant managing editor. In 1970 he became executive editor. Now he is a most welcome choice as the third managing editor in our magazine's rewarding history.

Jack Meyers

"Did I pick Allstate life insurance for its low price? Nope. It was their down-to-earth attitude."



This is Charles Chase. He and his family live near Atlanta, Georgia.

Here's why we call Allstate, "The Young Man's Life Insurance."

Policies are priced for the Young Man.
We have many life insurance plans. Here's how little you pay for our 10-year level term insurance—if you're 25, for example:

$10,000 . . . $4.70 a month
$15,000 . . . $6.10 a month
$20,000 . . . $7.40 a month

You get facts—not "hard sell."
No pressure. You get advice—not a sales talk. We've simplified the language of your policy, too.

You don't need an appointment—or a necktie.
Come as you are to the Allstate booth—maybe Saturday, while you're shopping at Sears. Or simply phone the booth, or your nearest Allstate office.
See you soon?

Allstate
You're in good hands.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

Only a month ago the NCAA took a welcome step toward reality by updating its rules to allow an athlete to remain an amateur in one sport even if he is a pro in another (SCORECARD, Jan. 21). In other words, an athlete at an NCAA school who signs a contract, say, to play professional football, can compete in track and field.

But there's a hooker here, as demonstrated by the sad case of James McAlister, football and track star at UCLA. Last week McAlister signed a multiyear contract with the Anaheim franchise of the World Football League and looked forward to continuing in track. Holder of the world's best long-jump mark (27′½″) last year, he had already competed in two indoor meets this season. But the day after McAlister signed to play football the NCAA declared him ineligible. Why? Because an agent negotiated the contract, and the NCAA has another rule saying that while an athlete may consult an agent for advice, the athlete becomes ineligible if the agent actually negotiates on his behalf.

"It's really stupid," says a disconsolate McAlister. "How is anyone with no knowledge of contract negotiations supposed to deal with men who have spent their lives doing that?"

THE WORLD VIEW

Jack Nicklaus, who won $308,362 in official U.S. purses last year, was golf's leading money-winner of 1973, right? Wrong, says Mark McCormack, golf's leading money manager. For eight years McCormack has been publishing an annual, *The World of Professional Golf*, reflecting his belief that the U.S. tour is no longer the alpha and the omega of the sport, that the rest of the world is considerably more than a satellite to the PGA tour and that any true ranking must include all the world's major competitions.

On McCormack's world money list for 1973 Nicklaus takes second place, $21,025 behind Tom Weiskopf's $349,645, the most ever earned by a golfer. Back in 1972, when Nicklaus won $341,792, McCormack predicted, "No one will break Jack Nicklaus' money record for many years, at least 10, maybe more . . . maybe never." But Weiskopf played five tournaments outside the U.S. last year, four of which Nicklaus skipped. He won three — the Canadian and British Opens and the South African PGA — and he also picked up some loose change here and there at the Piccadilly World Match Play in London and the John Player International in Scotland.

There are other portents to be found in the expanded money list. For instance, the No. 6 man, behind Weiskopf, Nicklaus, Bruce Crampton, Lanny Wadkins and Lee Trevino, is Japan's Jumbo Ozaki with $203,002. And Ozaki is not necessarily to be considered Japan's best player. Isao Aoki won more tournaments and, while scarcely venturing off the Asian tour, earned $140,709, which makes him No. 11 on the world list. The 11th man on the PGA's list was Hubie Green with $114,397.

Of course, money isn't everything, in golf as in life. Nicklaus, for instance, had a better stroke average than Weiskopf — 69.8 vs. 70.2. But guess who was third on the world list? Jumbo Ozaki — 70.4. All right, so stroke average isn't everything either, unless everyone plays on courses of equal quality, but it does appear to be time to begin looking beyond our own borders. When the Japanese tour produces nearly $2 million compared to the PGA's $8.6 million, we have a trend on our hands. A yen or a pound or a franc is as "official" as a dollar, and a golfer is a golfer anywhere.

OPERATION CANOOR

Most sports publicity men accentuate the positive, but not Jim McLemore, publicist for the sad sack Houston Oilers. McLemore issued a release the other day reviewing individual and team records for 1973, and 11 of the 14 marks were on the negative side. Among the categories were fewest games won, fewest points, most fumbles, fewest first downs, most touchdowns allowed and so on. Is honesty the best publicity?

BUMPY GOING

All across the ski world oldtime stylists and boomers alike have been pulling up short in chagrin this season and muttering apologies about the state of their downhill form. If one listens to *après*-ski talk, one gets the notion that a strange and mysterious malady has afflicted the sport. In Saalbach, Austria one American asked gloomily last week, "What happened to my skiing? What am I doing wrong?"

And the answer, strangely simple, came from Jack Beattie of Colorado's Garcia Ski Corporation, who explained, "Your skiing has not changed. Not at all. What has happened is that the mountains have changed."

How deceptively true. In both the U.S. and Europe, Beattie went on, the craze for shorter skis, now grown to epidemic



status, has produced a new and very different generation of skiing turns. As a result, those familiar old moguls on mountains have suddenly become slightly smaller and more tightly linked than ever before, the sort of thing one cannot figure out just by looking at the slopes. Put another way, a 160-centimeter ski will carve a tighter bump than a 210-centimeter ski, and using regular skis to go down a hillside that short skis have worked over is like trying to roller-skate across railroad tracks.

continued

PLAN TONIGHT TO SWEAT LESS TOMORROW.

Announcing a revolutionary method for controlling problem perspiration.

The Mitchum Method.

What makes you sweat?

Life is sweat. When you use your energy, you sweat. The very act of breathing is a form of perspiration. (Ever notice the frosty vapor you exhale on a cold day? That's sweat.)

There are glands throughout the body whose main job is to release water. However, for our purposes, we are concerned only with the sweat glands in the major problem areas, underneath the arms.

These glands produce a clear, odorless liquid. But when bacteria on your skin come in contact with this liquid, perspiration odor develops. Some people sweat more than others. Increased effort, nervous excitement—and the glands start gushing. Now while it may be socially acceptable to mop one's brow in public, mopping up drenched armpits presents a problem.



How do you know you have problem perspiration?

Those stains under the armpits that eventually eat into your clothes. That feeling that you want to keep your arms very close to your body. That moist, uncomfortable sensation that *seems* to attack you more than others. Man or woman, if you *think* you have a perspiration problem, you have it. It's as simple as that.

How have you been coping with problem perspiration?

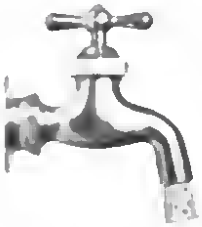
You've probably been using anti-perspirants instead of just plain deodorants which merely mask odor. You follow your morning habit of applying your favorite-of-the-moment anti-perspirant. You even apply it again if you're going out later on. Every time you shower or bathe, you automatically reach for your anti-perspirant. And still, comes a crisis, there's always that doubt.

Mitchum. The night-time anti-perspirant.

The Mitchum Method is as different from others as night and day. First of all, you apply it at *NIGHT* before you go to bed. That's the recommended MITCHUM METHOD. Now just in case you think there's madness behind this method, let us explain why.

You perspire, of course, while you sleep. But certainly not as much as during your most hectic time of morning, afternoon or evening. When you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant *at night*, you're giving its two anti-perspirant ingredients a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. You're *pre-conditioning* your skin to cope with the stress and strain of tomorrow.

In the morning, you can shower and rush off to the day's activities. And feel protected all day.



Does Mitchum Anti-Perspirant seal your pores?

Absolutely not. If you're wondering where all the perspiration goes after your skin has been treated with Mitchum, we would like to assure you that your perspiration goes *out*—from other pores in your body. All Mitchum anti-perspirant does is gently re-direct it. It doesn't get clogged in your underarm pores. It just leaves by other less problem-causing "exits." So don't believe that old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're "interfering with nature." Or that terrible things will happen to you.

Is Mitchum Anti-Perspirant really gentle?

The answer is yes. Unless you have some specific allergy. Mitchum Anti-Perspirant works so effectively because it contains high percentages of aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate (the two best anti-perspirant ingredients). However, these two chemicals have been *buffered*—treated in a very special way—to make this product mild. To *avoid* irritation of the skin. Mitchum does its work gently.

Use Mitchum four consecutive nights and then only as needed.

Of course, you may use Mitchum Anti-Perspirant anytime of day you prefer. But we strongly recommend you use it at night, because that's your body's quietest, most receptive time. However, since some nights are less restful than others, we suggest you use your Mitchum Anti-Perspirant for the first time *four nights in a row*. And then, even if you skip a night, you're still protected the next day.

Mitchum Anti-Perspirant is available in your favorite forms.

Cream. For people who want the complete coverage that only hand application of a cream can give. Since you apply it at night, it won't rub off on your clothes next day. Not a sign of it.

Spray. Press the nozzle on the elegant, seam-free can to release a gentle mist of protection every time. Available scented and unscented.

Dab-On. It applies easily and uniformly with a unique, built-in, silken applicator. Touches the skin smoothly and effectively. Available scented and unscented.

Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.



The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

Skiers, then, should either go to short skis, or accept the fact (with built-in alibi) that it is now harder to ski on mountains that have tighter, shorter and smaller bumps.

GIRL WATCHER

A chap named Andy Sidaris has an unusual job: he is responsible for the "honey shots" during ABC telecasts of college football games. A honey shot, if you didn't know, is a quick camera glimpse of a girl in the stands. Sidaris holds strong views about the looks of the girls he has seen around the country, and he freely aired them to TV Writer Don Freeman of the San Diego *Union*.

"In Buffalo we panned our cameras through the stands, and all the girls looked like plant foremen. It's even worse in Detroit—the girls all look like Alex Karras in a wig." According to Sidaris the Big 10, except for Purdue, is a disaster area. He is especially down on Wisconsin (the girls "get their hairdo hints from *Field & Stream*"), Minnesota ("the style is Early Lumberjack") and Michigan ("the girls dress like old Joan Crawford movies").

The prime areas for girl watchers, he says, are the South, Southwest and Southern California. His No. 1 honey heaven is Alabama, where "only your real football fan takes his eyes off the cheerleaders." Ranking schools by beauty, Sidaris next pegs Texas, Auburn, UCLA ("always strong in their cheerleaders"), Tennessee and LSU, with Oklahoma moving up fast. Colorado is starting to show some beauties. "Turns out they are getting a lot of California girls," Sidaris explains, "and that makes a difference." He contends the normal cutoff line for beautiful California girls is Bakersfield. Northern California girls do not move him in the least. "Stanford is no place for honey shots," he says. "There we concentrate on the game. All we found were girls who dressed in a style I can only describe as Early War of 1812. Is there a shortage of hairbrushes at Stanford?"

STRAIGHT TALK

In this age of excessive superlatives it is nice to note that one Los Angeles bookseller does not rely on overblown blurbs to sell his wares. A fly-tying friend forwards us this comment by Entomological Reprint Specialists on an aquatic insect hook, *Chaoborus*, priced at $15. ". . . hideously bound. The illustrations, mostly without captions, are awful . . . we offer it as an excruciating example of our efforts to provide any insect book in print. Of particular interest to bibliographers of entomological minutiae and scurrilous pamphlets. Some aquatic entomologists may want it as a curiosity."

WELL-SPENT YOUTH

The curriculum in Ottawa's Connaught Public School allows seventh- and eighth-graders to take courses in such subjects as boys' cooking, harmonica and leatherwork. Now Connaught has added still another course, snooker, that may become more popular than all the rest combined.

Classes for the 16-hour, eight-week-long session are held at a nearby billiard parlor, the Broken Cue, and 29 students, five of them girls, go there every Thursday at 2 p.m. for instruction by Ervin Budge, an assistant manager. Using a microphone, Budge goes from table to table stressing the three R's of the game: how to hold a cue, how to figure the angles and how to apply reverse English. "One of the ideas behind the snooker program and behind all our free-choice subjects is to help students develop hobbies, get interested in different things," says Teacher Weldon McLeod, who accompanies the youngsters. Parents who were invited to attend one snooker session thought the lessons a dandy idea, which might prompt some odd conversation at dinner. Suspicious parent: "Where were you this afternoon, Johnny?" Johnny: "Down at the pool hall." Parent: "That's fine. I was afraid you were hanging around school."

TO YOUR HEALTH

Conversation overheard in an elevator: A woman with a foreign accent asked the man with her, "Have you ever been to Mexico?" The man said, "No. I almost went once, on an expedition. My wife's father takes a lot of doctors and dentists to Baja California every year for a two-week hunting and fishing trip. He pays all the expenses." The woman looked quizzical. "His only requirement," the man explained, "is that while they're there, they have to treat the people of Baja." The doors opened. "Treat?" asked the woman as the pair got out. "Well, yes," the man said. "It's the only medical care they get."

The doors closed, leaving a mixed bag of musing. On the one hand, it was gratifying to learn that doctors and dentists on vacation would put aside rod and gun to administer to the people of that barren peninsula. On the other hand, the woman's confusion over the word "treat" gave rise to a picture of men in white medical gowns going from *cantina* to *cantina*, crying, "Drinks are on the house!"

UNSHAKEN

Nicknames for new teams are often subject to criticism, but who in California would ever want to make the public tremble with suggestions of earthquakes? The San Jose Quakes, that's who, of the North American Soccer League. Enough fans find fault with where they live without being reminded of it in the sports pages, but Dick Berg, general manager of the Quakes, is unshaken. "It might just exorcise the demons in the earth," he says, not in the least tremulously. "Besides, you should have heard the clamor when the Seattle SuperSonics were named. I was assistant manager up there then. In a month all the protests went away. So did the contract for the Boeing SST."

DEAR DEER

According to Ontario's Ministry of Natural Resources, the deer hunter who bags a buck is lucky indeed. Whitetail deer know how to be elusive, particularly the bucks. The department notes that a buck outfitted with a radio transmitter and long orange streamers was released in the Slim Buttes area of South Dakota. Five supposedly expert hunters were sent to find him. In seven days of searching, none did. Three of the five hunters were sent to the area where the radio transmitter indicated that the buck was hiding. Again the hunters drew a blank. Finally all five were directed to the precise location. No luck. Only when he was leaving the area did one hunter locate the deer, and that occurred when he almost stepped on the buck lying flat in underbrush.

In Michigan, 39 deer were fenced in a square mile of forest and swamp. It took six experienced hunters four days to sight one buck. Over a four-year test period that followed, the briefest stalking time to within shooting distance of any deer, including fawns, was 14 hours. The best time for getting within range of a buck was 51 hours. **END**

New Cherokee



It's a Jeep and-a-half

The newest Jeep® vehicle has arrived. Jeep Cherokee. Heir to a tradition of quality and rough road dependability, Cherokee takes up where Jeep CJ-5 leaves off. Youthful and sporty, with the extra room that lets you pack along what you used to leave behind.

Cherokee really stands out where the pavement ends because the famous Jeep 4-wheel drive was specifically designed into Cherokee—most of the competition are merely converted two-wheelers. With greater ground clearance and a higher load capacity than any other sports utility vehicle in its weight class, new Cherokee makes a big difference in the boondocks.

Jeep Cherokee combines this rugged performance with sporty good looks—plus exciting options like Quadra-Trac,™ Jeep's automatic 4-wheel drive, automatic transmission, power steering, air conditioning and power front disc brakes.

New Jeep Cherokee is the get-away machine your family has been waiting for. It's a Jeep-and-a-half.

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From A Subsidiary of
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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 11, 1974

FULL OF SOUND AND FURY

. . . but signifying little is the NFL draft, where the rich get richer, the poor poorer. The WFL also drafted. There the rich could get poorer

by JOE MARSHALL



Presiding over the hurly-burly at New York's Americana was NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who admitted that the draft was far from perfect.



Jim Kensil, executive director of the National Football League, stepped up to a microphone in the Georgian Ballroom of New York's Americana Hotel and, in the uninflected tones of a stationmaster, recited, "The New York Giants on their second-round pick select Tom Mullen, guard, Southwest Missouri State." Two hundred people cordoned off behind velvet ropes in the back of the room booed. This was last week's NFL draft, and to the fans it seemed that the Giants had made yet another pick that the world would little note nor long remember. (Let's hear a locomotive for Louis Thompson, '67.) It was not just that Tom Mullen was unknown—even Commissioner Pete Rozelle admitted he didn't recognize the first 10 picks in the



Honcho for the placid WFL draft was President Gary Davidson. To date the new league has 12 teams, five stadiums, three signed collegians.



second round—it was the awful suspicion that neither this draft, nor any single year's draft, could by itself turn the hapless Giants around.

The theory behind the draft is that by selecting players in the reverse order of the teams' final standings, the weaker clubs eventually will catch up with the stronger ones. No way. As elsewhere, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

And for all the trappings in the Georgian Ballroom—an electric scoreboard clock ran down the time allotted each club for its selection—the draft had the suspense of an *I Love Lucy* rerun. Decisions were made elsewhere, and Draft Central was little more than a glorified switchboard. The Minnesota Vikings, for instance, were represented by their equipment manager and the Rams' phone was manned by two high school students from Massapequa, N.Y. Not that the NFL would ever let its hair down in public. In years gone by it was the practice to make facetious selections in the last round—Hiram Walker, I.W. Harper, John Wayne from Apache State. This kind of levity is now frowned upon.

The first round has always been the most serious. Last week, as expected, the No. 1 selection was Ed (Too Tall) Jones of Tennessee State, a 6′ 8″, 265-pound defensive end chosen by Dallas on a pick acquired from Houston. Another Tennessee Stater was taken fourth and three more were selected in the second round, but UCLA led all schools with 12 players, while Penn State, Colorado and Michigan had 10 apiece. The Big Eight led the conferences with 51 selections, with the Big Ten (38) second.

Washington Coach George Allen again made the most dazzling trade, dealing off three draft choices originally held by three different clubs in three different divisions in three different rounds in three different years for Charger Guard Walt Sweeney, who will be 33 in April.

But for all the wheeling and dealing, the draft does not work. The worst team in football—this year as well as last, the Houston Oilers—drafts first in each round, which means it has the first selection, the 27th, the 53rd and so on. The best team—this year as well as last, the Miami Dolphins—drafts last, or 26th,

continued

52nd and so on. The 26th selection is presumably better than the 27th and the 52nd better than the 53rd. Thus the real advantage gained by Houston over the stronger teams is one man, the first pick, and there is not one man on the face of the earth who could turn the Oilers around. Furthermore, strength begets strength: Miami's castoffs are better than Houston's, so they can be dealt away for high draft choices. Going into the draft Miami was tied for the most picks, 22; Houston had the fewest, 11.

With 26 teams drafting, the blue chippers are spread too thin. Thirty-five of the 80 pros originally chosen for last month's Pro Bowl were first-round choices. Only 11 players were second-round picks, while seven were free agents. Wide Receiver Harold Jackson and Tight End Bob Trumpy were 12th-round choices, Linebacker Nick Buoniconti a 13th. Miami's offensive line is composed of four free agents and a 14th-round selection. But these are the exceptions that prove the rule. A team can only count on a first-round pick to fill a gap, which is why the few clubs that can really hope to improve themselves in the draft are those near the top of the pack. The Vikings, 7-7 in 1972, lacked only an explosive running back. After deliberating for all but 10 seconds of their 15-minute first-round allotment last year, they chose Chuck Foreman, and went to the Super Bowl. Had Foreman gone to Houston he would have been swallowed up the way John Matuszak was.

Even No. 1 picks don't come with any guarantee. The 1970 first round produced John Small, Bob Anderson, Sid Smith, Larry Stegent and Walker Gillette. George Allen seems to have the best grasp of the odds. "People say George Allen doesn't use the draft," says Rozelle. "The heck he doesn't. Take the draft away and he could never have built the Redskins." Allen was in peak form last week, acquiring four veterans—Sweeney, Los Angeles Wide Receiver Joe Sweet, and Linebacker Ed Mooney and Guard Cornelius Johnson of Baltimore—for six draft choices, the highest being a fourth, and a reserve running back, George Nock.

The draft needs drastic overhauling. One possible solution would be to open the first round only to teams with losing records, the second round to those that won just one game, the third to those that won two or less and so forth until the .500 level is reached. Thereafter the draft would proceed as of yore. Under this system Houston would have had the only pick in the second round this year, which would have been the 14th man selected. The Giants and the Chargers, who won two games, would have led off the third round, followed by Houston alone. Chicago, the only team to win three games, would have opened the fourth round, followed by Houston, San Diego and the Giants, the latter two alternating in successive rounds since they had identical records. In this manner Houston would have picked first, 14th, 17th, 19th and 25th. Teams with two wins would have had four choices in the top 27 and teams with three wins, three in the top 28.

Rozelle admitted he would like to see something of a similar nature instituted. Still, he doubted that any system was foolproof—that is, proof against fools—repeating what George Preston Marshall, the late owner of the Redskins, had said about another proposal to bring about more equal competition: "You can't legislate intelligence."

If anybody made real progress last week it was the World Football League, which gained a large measure of recognition the day before the NFL draft when its Southern California franchise announced the signing of three potential NFL first-round selections—UCLA Running Backs Kermit Johnson and James McAlister and USC Tackle Booker Brown. The trio's agent, 22-year-old Michael Trope, decided not to wait for competitive bidding by the NFL. "Their value was at a peak, 30% to 35% higher than it would have been later, because of the publicity the WFL could get by our signing," said Trope, who approximated the total package at close to $1 million. The three players arrived late at a press conference announcing their signing because Brown's car, in which they were riding, broke down. "I've been driving a 1967 Buick," said Brown, "but next



Dallas made Tennessee State Defensive Tackle Ed (Too Tall) Jones the No. 1 NFL pick.

week I'm going to be driving a 1974 something-or-other."

Brown won't be the only college senior with new wheels if the WFL gets rolling. Sports Attorney Bob Woolf estimates that salaries will go up 100%—and maybe much more. "All it takes is one WFL owner to say, 'I don't care what it costs; I'm going to buy a winning team,' and that will blow the roof off as far as money is concerned," says Woolf.

That possibility seemed real enough to the NFL last week. Trope reported that Sid Gillman, general manager-coach of the Houston Oilers, who had gambled a sixth-round choice on Brown, called him on the phone and amidst yelling and screaming asked if Brown's WFL contract could be breached. Trope also said that Gillman sent a representative to Brown's house but that the rep could make no headway and ended up pleading, "At least call Gillman and tell him I was here so I can get my paycheck."

Moreover, NFL teams deliberated much longer than usual over their selections, apparently wanting assurance that each player was still available. For the first time in history no quarterbacks were drafted in the first two rounds. Could it be fear of a price war at that glamour position? The WFL had already made Kansas' David Jaynes its first selection and had chosen seven quarterbacks in its top 22 picks. NFL teams were scurrying to sign their choices and, reportedly, the bonuses were up. "They want to nip the bud in its inception," said John Lium, an attorney who will handle several players but is better known as Bruno in the Right Guard commercial. "It's like a cancerous growth. If the WFL teams get a few signed this year and get under way, they'll really be out next year."

By last weekend the NFL had forged ahead. The Giants and their No. 1 pick, Ohio State Guard John Hicks, came to terms. St. Louis tied up its first two choices, Tight End J. V. Cain of Colorado and Tackle Greg Kindle of Tennessee State, while Dallas signed the second of two first-round picks, Running Back Charley Young of North Carolina State.

The NFL also gained a temporary advantage in that it had completed all of its draft. The 12 franchises in the WFL had drafted a week earlier, but only through six rounds. Its information was limited, the best of it supplied by Henry Lee Parker, a director of player personnel recently fired by the New Orleans Saints and hired, complete with sheets of player ratings, by the WFL. The new league had to wait to complete its draft until after the NFL's so it could use the NFL draft list as a guide.

The early WFL draft, as well as the three signings, was aimed primarily at achieving credibility. Many WFL selections were realistically territorial but the league could not keep its naiveté from showing. When the Washington-Baltimore franchise announced its choice of a favorite son at New York's Marriott Essex House—"An All-American defensive tackle from Maryland, Paul Vellano"—a WFL official designated as Draftmaster asked, "How do you spell it?" Hawaii, picking ninth in the first round, claimed the WFL's first defensive player, Linebacker Fred McNeill of UCLA. The Hawaii representative prefaced that choice by remarking, "I think we need some defense in this league." The WFL has tried to guarantee more offense and pizzazz than the NFL with kickoffs from the 30-yard line, two-point conversions, only one foot in bounds on pass receptions, a fifth quarter to break ties and other moves that the hidebound NFL has dragged both feet on.

But can the WFL get off the ground? Its first president, Gary L. Davidson, a 39-year-old attorney who was founder and first president of the ABA and co-founder and first president of the WHA, says it can and will. He has already negotiated a contract with the TVS Television Network, but for less than $1 million. That will provide the league with exposure but not operating expenses and the WFL has nowhere near the financial backing the AFL did in its early days.

Last week, as the NFL scrambled to nip the WFL's bud, several clubs in the new league were still without coaches, general managers and playing fields. The Florida franchise, which had signed one NFL castoff, Defensive Back Alvin Wyatt, had not even picked a city and the team was already under attack from the state tourism department, which objected to the nickname Sharks. Mayor Wyeth Chandler of Memphis had indicated he would do everything in his power to keep a WFL franchise out of his city, which has high hopes of attracting an NFL franchise.

Last week skeptics were even suggesting that the new league might be some kind of a hustle. The five organizers—Davidson; John F. Bassett Jr., a former Davis Cupper whose father owns the CFL's Toronto Argonauts; Robert Schmertz, owner of the Boston Celtics; Nick Mileti, president of Cleveland's Indians, Cavaliers and Crusaders; and R. Steven Arnold, president of Pro Sports Inc., a business management firm for professional athletes—paid nothing to get into the WFL. Mileti has already sold his franchise, the Chicago Fire—which sounds more like a rock group than a football team—for a reported $400,000, or a $400,000 profit.

But no matter what the WFL eventually proves to be, it has given the NFL a needed kick in its complacency. And no matter what happens, this year's draft will finally produce big winners—the draftees. Before he had decided to join the WFL, Booker Brown was asked about his plans. "All things equal, I'll take the NFL," he said. In competition, of course, all things are rarely equal. Booker Brown might have been speaking for the class of '74 when he concluded, "I like the position I'm in." **END**



David Jaynes of Kansas was No. 1 in WFL.



BIG NOISE BLEW IN FROM POMONA

Down among the throbbing eardrums in the season's first big drag-racing event, the $280,000 Winternationals, there were Funny Cars, fun cars and a not-such-fun crash. Happily the driver was unhurt

by PAT JORDAN

Above all, there was the noise, overwhelming the senses, obliterating thought, until one was completely lost in it and the activities of the machines that made it. These were the Winternationals of the National Hot Rod Association—650 competitors racing two by two in an immense ark of sound for $280,000 in prizes—and after each day's running last weekend at Pomona, Calif. ears were still ringing for hours.

Spectators in temporary bleachers lining the strip might at times look out to see a single-engine plane lazily descending to Brackett Field; they might cast a glance at the majestic, snow-capped San Bernardino Mountains far off beyond the starting line. But their ears drew them irretrievably back to the cars.

The most drenching sounds came from the machines called Funny Cars. And in truth they do look funny. Or, more precisely, odd. They consist of a tubular chassis, a 1,500-horsepower engine of gleaming aluminum and chrome and a tiny cockpit for the driver, who wears an asbestos fire suit and a spacemanlike mask—all concealed by a fiber-glass shell that vaguely resembles some automobile you know. The rear deck is short and raised high by 15-inch-wide racing tires that are without tread, while the front end is long and low to the ground, barely covering the front wheels.

With front ends up, the docile cars are led on a leash by a tow vehicle to the starting area. When a competitor is about 100 yards from the starting line the engine is fired up, the car is unhooked from the tow, the top is dropped and secured, and the idling car, crackling and spitting flames like a ton of burning dry wood, moves slowly along toward the strip.

It stops, its engine still crackling, the smell of nitromethane fuel pungent. Members of the pit crew splash water under each rear tire. There is an indescribable roar—a furnace blast that brings pain to the eardrums and sends a jolt up spectators' spines—as the rear wheels of the still stationary racer spin and the car "burns out," with smoke billowing and curling around it as if it is in a cyclone. The smoke clears. At the line two cars ease up to the staging lights. They wait for the timing lights to blink yellow, then green, and then they are off, covering the quarter-mile stretch in fewer than seven seconds and reaching speeds of more than 200 mph.

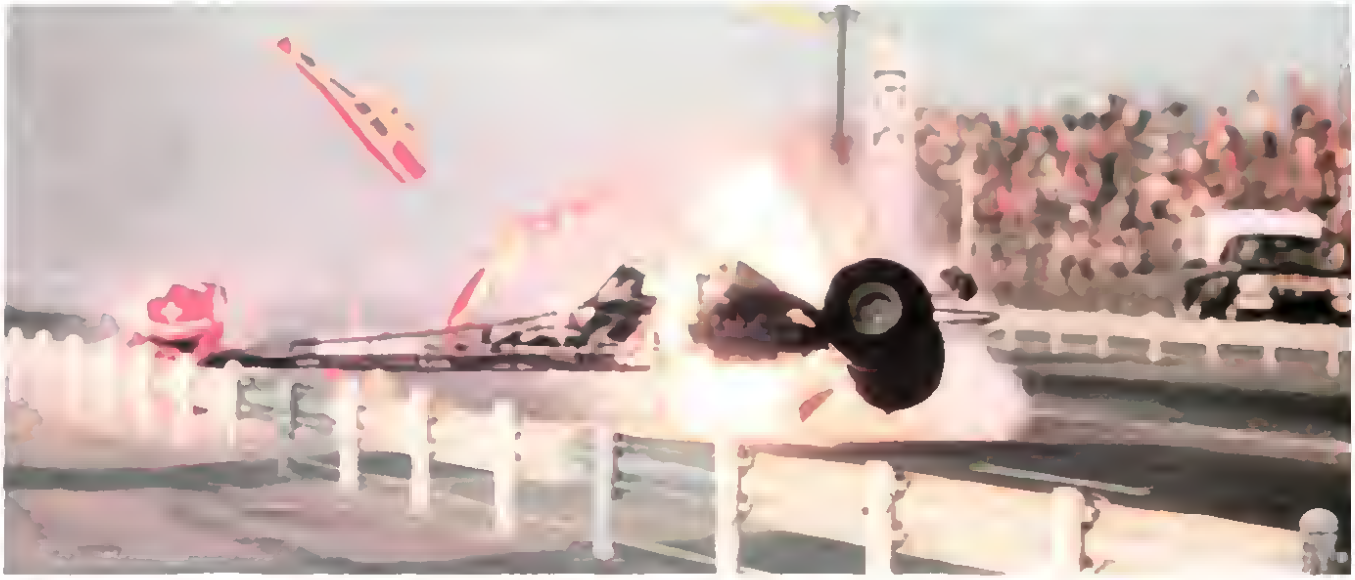
It is during these explosive runs that Funny Cars earn their name in an ironic, mad, black-humor sort of way. They handle oddly along that route, do funny things as they pick up speed. The front

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG



A wheel lifter sports candy-cane colors.





Two Funny Cars fishtail into action (opposite), the smoker blowing its engine, while Tommy Ivo rides out a fire storm in his Top Fueler.

end tends to lift off the ground and the driver can no longer steer the car but is led by it, maybe into the guardrail or over it or maybe directly into the opposing lane and his opponent. Near the end of a race Funny Cars tend to lose weight rapidly and they can become airborne, literally fly.

At great speeds a dragster cannot be braked to a quick stop but must be reined in by a parachute that billows out from its rear end like a budding flower. Three cars at Pomona suffered chute failure at better than 200 mph and their drivers were saved from harm only by a catch net at the end of the strip.

There is an even faster machine than the Funny Car—the Top Fuel dragster—and it is long and low and pointed like a stiletto. Though swifter, it is less hazardous. "A Top Fueler is no way near as dangerous as a Funny Car," says Shirley Muldowney, one of the few women ever to compete in both. She quit Funny Cars when her machine became a torch a year ago at Indianapolis Raceway Park and she was severely burned. "The engine in a Top Fueler is behind the driver, so if it catches fire the flames don't explode in your face," she explains.

Pomona delivered a spectacular confirmation of Muldowney's point. On Saturday the veteran Tommy Ivo screamed through the clocks at 209 mph—and then his engine blew and the disintegrating dragster flipped. Ivo, saved by his roll cage and forward-of-the-engine position, walked away unscratched.

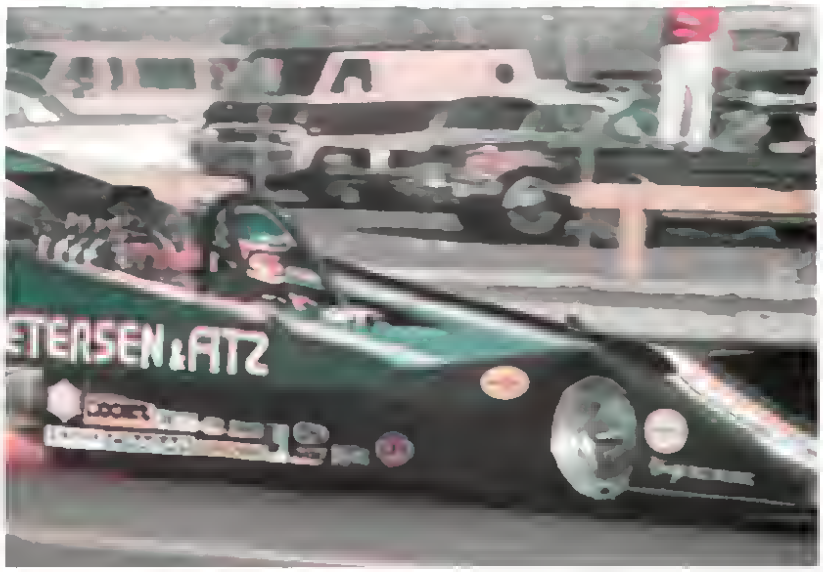
When all the wheels had stopped and all the noise had died away from Sunday's finals, the swiftest winners were Top Fuel driver Gary Beck of Canada with a remarkable 5.94-second elapsed time and a top speed of 243.24 mph, and Funny Car champion Dale Emery, an Ohioan, in a 222.77-mph screecher.

Ears will stop vibrating just about any day now. **END**



Spinning wheels grandmother never knew.

A normal belch of flame issues from an experimental racer—streamlined to keep the nose down.





Mod she's not, but rising to the occasion

THE HEYDAYS OF A BIG BARNBURNER

College basketball's leading scorer is up at five working his spread. No sweat. He studies in the evening—after chores

by KENT HANNON



It is time the nation faced up to the real truth: its leading scorer in basketball is a farmer and he is on top of the charts for the second straight year. Forget those high-flying ghetto dudes like Bird Averitt, Fly Williams and Larry Fogle. This 26-year-old named Steve Platt from Huntington College in Indiana has a *farm*, man, plus a wife and two kids to go with his 39.5 scoring average. Except when he is driving toward the basket, his feet are on the ground.

"I know Steve's story must sound hard to believe but it's all true," says Peggy Platt as her husband takes time out from his chores to dribble across a manure-covered court and fire a jumper at a basket nailed to a red barn. Frank Capra should be there filming. "It's what Steve wanted—he loves basketball—and it's worked out just great."

Now a senior at Huntington and long before that a star for the Union Township Sharpshooters, Steve Platt interrupted his promising basketball career in 1965 so he could farm. He disliked school and, already married, was afraid he would be unable to support his family if he went to college. For five years he tried to fill the void in his life by playing with industrial league teams like B&K Root Beer in Bluffton and for the Zion United Methodist Church, sometimes appearing in games 30 miles apart the same evening. Then Keith Spahr took the coaching job at Huntington College. When he coached at Warren High School his teams had never beaten Platt. Now he was anxious to have Platt on his side for a change.

Spahr convinced the college it should offer Platt an unprecedented full-ride scholarship. Platt agreed to take it after two months of deliberation, and the 6′ 5″ Hoosier has been the scourge of the NAIA ranks ever since. He led all collegiate scorers last year with a 36.0 average and he will climb as high as third place on the alltime scoring list behind LSU's Pete Maravich and Kentucky State's Travis Grant if he finishes this season at his current pace. Platt has already outdistanced Austin Carr of Notre Dame and Rick Mount of Purdue and he will soon pass Oscar Robertson, who did not play college ball in Indiana but came from there.

Hogging the early morning limelight, farmer Platt lofts a shot at his barnyard backboard

Before Platt arrived on the scene, one of Huntington's claims to fame was that Chris Schenkel had endowed the college with an athletic fund. It is a conservative institution supported by the United Brethren of Christ. Students are not permitted to drink, dance or smoke, and must attend chapel at least three times a week. However, a stained-glass-windowed chapel located directly behind the billiards counter in the Union Building presumably helps the students fulfill this requirement with a minimum of effort. The campus is one-third the size of the 500 acres that Platt farms and HC's 500 enrollment is only one-fourth that of Huntington High School, which consistently outdraws the Foresters for basketball games.

Because of his 18-hour-a-day responsibilities as husband, father, farmer and student-athlete, Platt is scarcely a part of campus life. "Most of the students know me," he says. "They like me. But I just have to run into class and run out again. I'm so busy changing clothes all day I feel like I'm wearing the hair off my arms."

Shortly after five each morning Platt pulls on coveralls and heads out to the barn to feed the hogs. He then shells corn and takes it over to the storage elevator. It is still dark at 7:30 when he gets back to the house to clean up and eat breakfast with Peggy, son Ty, 4, and daughter Polly, 2. He is generally in class all morning. After lunch (called dinner in Indiana), he works in the fields picking beans and corn or tends to other chores depending on the season. Basketball practice lasts until dinnertime (supper in Indiana) and afterward there are beef cattle to be fed. Finally there is homework, followed by the 10 o'clock news, a moment's peace and quiet and then the prospect of doing it all over again the next day.

"The toughest time of the year for us is harvesting the crops in October and November," Peggy says. "Sometimes Steve is out filling up trucks until after 10." How does he manage giant machinery in dark fields? "Oh, there are big lights on the combines. That's where most of the UFO reports stem from in this part of the country. Combines."

Steve cannot recall precisely when he first began shooting baskets, but his dad can and so, unfortunately, can his mother. "One day my wife went to town," says Darl Platt, who runs a fertilizer business and helps Steve farm. "When she was out of sight, I picked up the leaves to the dining-room table and took them out to the barn. There were five of them and I knew they fit together perfectly, so I put backing on them and painted them white to make a backboard. About that time my wife came home and climbed up on the ladder to help me put the thing up. It wasn't until I started pounding in the nails that she realized what I'd done. 'You didn't,' is all she managed to say."

For all he has done during the last two seasons, Steve Platt is still not the all-out hero of the townspeople, who cannot quite forget or forgive that he once was the enemy of Huntington High School. There were only 79 students at Union Township, just outside of Huntington—17 of them in Steve's graduating class—but with his future bride cheerleading on the sidelines Platt nearly upset his city rivals in 1965. There are people who will never get over that scare.

"The barbershop is a good place to hear things like that," says Darl Platt. "I was in there one day and this fella came in who didn't know who I was. I remember him saying, 'I really love to watch that Steve Platt play ball, but I'll be darned if I'm going to root for him.' "

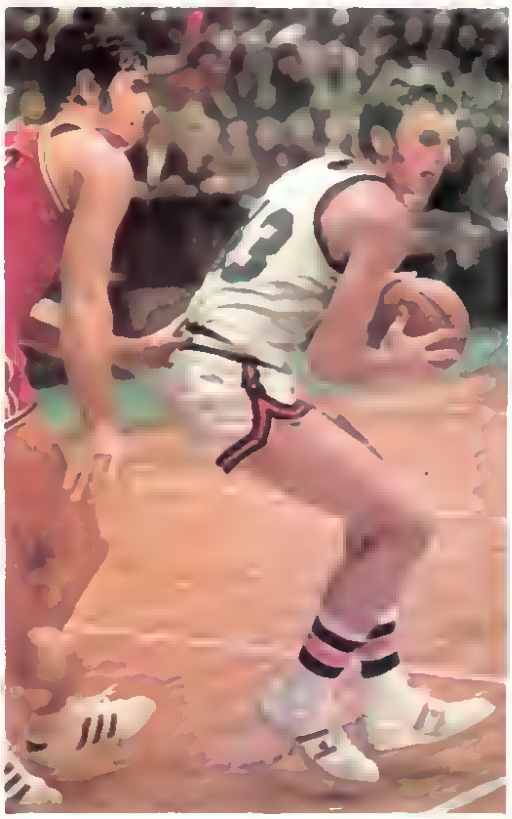
Platt serenely plays on. To him, basketball runs almost neck and neck with the farm and his family. Take the night of Nov. 16, 1971. With Peggy due to have their second child, Steve left home to play for Huntington in a four-team tournament. His sister Linda went along in order to call Peggy for reports and relay the news by hand signals to Steve on the court. When the labor pains were only nine minutes apart, Steve quit the game and met Peggy at the hospital. The baby was born at midnight and the new father had only one hour of sleep before morning chores. The next night he scored 40 points for the first time in a game and the Foresters won the tournament.

With so much expected of him, it is far tougher for Steve to have a big night at this stage of his career. "How many did Platt get?" a motel clerk asked a visitor recently. When he was told 36, the clerk was unimpressed Sometimes so are opponents—before they hear the game totals. Often what has seemed like a 22-point evening for Platt turns out to be more like 42.

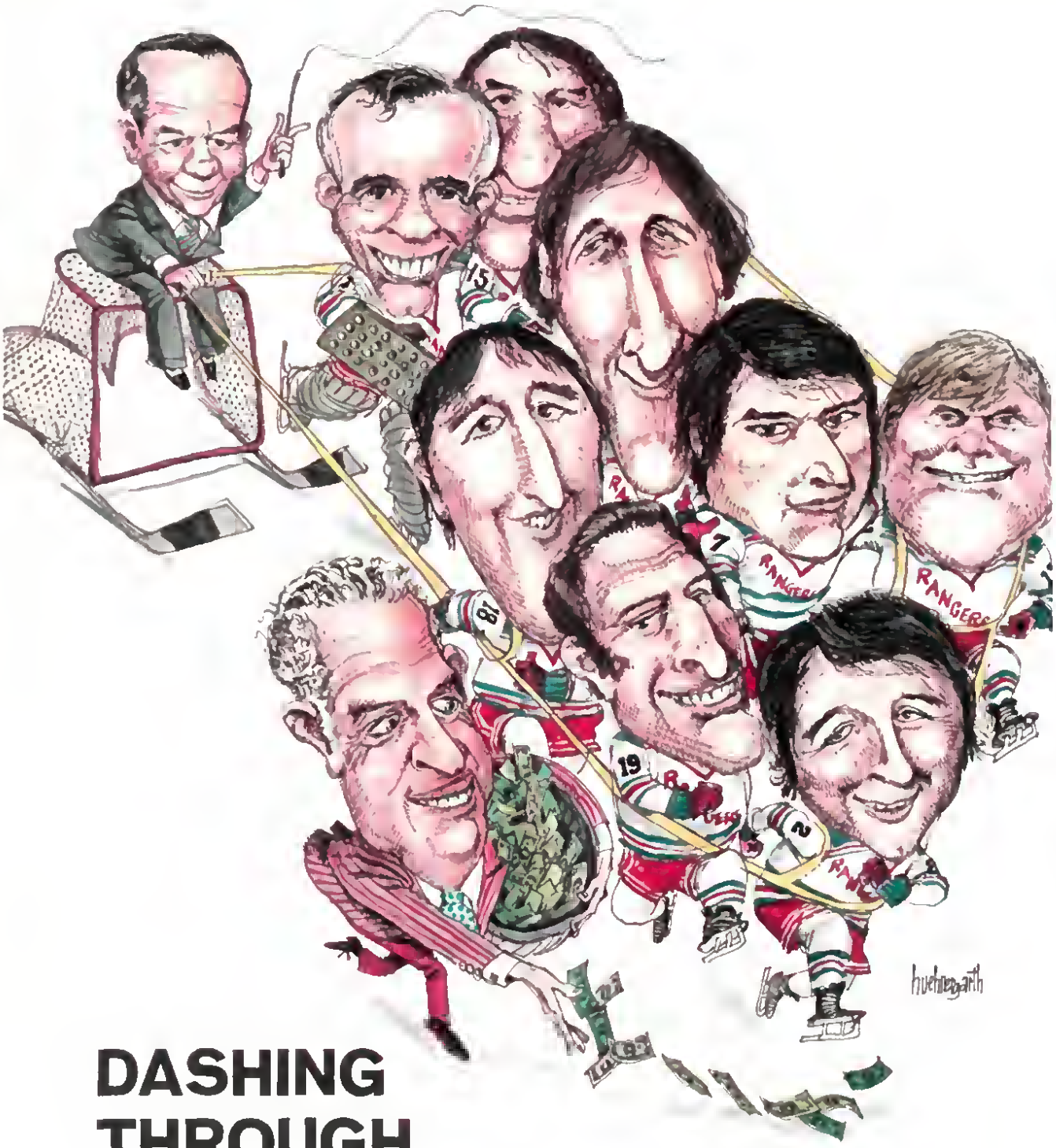
"A lot of my points come on three-point plays, tip-ins and layups," he says, "and I think a long jump shot is easier for people to remember. A lot of teams have been playing a box-and-one against us lately and several appeared to be more interested in holding me below my average than in winning the game. My toughest job now is getting the ball, not making it go in."

Huntington area players who have been coming up second best against Steve Platt for 10 years cannot even look forward to getting rid of him after his last college game. Most likely he will sign with the Fort Wayne semipro franchise in the new International Basketball Association. It will not be the NBA or the ABA, as Steve might like it to be, but he and his wife realize they would be giving up more than a farm if they moved away from Indiana.

"We're so plain," says Peggy, speaking for both Platts. "It's only a mile to our church and seven minutes to the college. We live a mile west of Steve's parents and a mile and half east of my parents. The grandparents are a built-in baby-sitter service for our children, who will go to the same schools Steve and I did. I guess you could say we've just never gotten out of the nest." **END**



Platt wheels in for a turnabout jumper.



DASHING THROUGH THE DOUGH

On the strangest sleigh ride in hockey, New York's glowingly affluent Rangers have everything except whet they want most—the Stanley Cup—end efter three decedes of pursuit it seems es elusive as ever **by MARK MULVOY**

With Ranger President Jennings dispensing largesse and Coach Francis lashing up spirit, New York's $100,000-plus men settle into the traces. Clockwise from Goalie Giacomin are Neilson, Sailing, Gilbert, Hadfield, Park, Ratelle and Tkaczuk.

As the New York Rangers, hockey's wealthiest losers, piled one humiliating defeat on another in the first half of this season, spending more time checking the Dow-Joneses than the Espositos, Orrs and Cournoyers, their beleaguered Goaltender Eddie Giacomin had a thought. "What we ought to do," Giacomin suggested acidly, "is call Henry Kissinger and get him to stop the bombing in *our* zone." Coincidence or not, Henry the K, fresh from settling an international crisis of another sort, strolled into Madison Square Garden the other day for a closeup inspection of the Rangers as they played the Los Angeles Kings.

For once Dr. Kissinger was too late. Emile (Cat) Francis, the dictatorial little general manager of the Rangers who believes the best diplomacy is a well-placed kick alongside the wallet and a mouthful of invective, had already put at least a temporary halt to the bombing by firing Larry Popein, the man he had picked as coach only a few months before, and replacing him with General Manager Francis. It was the third time Francis had personally fired and replaced a Ranger coach in midseason—and it was undoubtedly the last. "I'm not saying that Emile will coach until he has two heart attacks," said William M. Jennings, president of the Rangers, "but I don't think we will undertake the hiring of a new coach again." Francis agreed. "The only change left now," he said, "would be for me to get out myself."

When the Cat returned to the Ranger bench three weeks ago, he inherited a team that seemed more concerned with the interest yield on tax-free municipal bonds—"We're getting what amounts to 13½%," said one player—than the pucks that were whizzing past Giacomin in record numbers. The Rangers are easily the highest-paid players in hockey, with a 20-man-team payroll of almost $2 million, twice the National Hockey League's average. Defenseman Brad Park makes the most—$250,000 a year. This is the highest salary in the entire NHL, and it is by no means Park's sole income. There are performance bonuses, playoff pools and nonhockey loot. Vic Hadfield, Rod Gilbert and Jean Ratelle, who make up the so-called GAG Line (for Goal-a-Game), all earn more than $175,000 a season, while Giacomin, Walt Tkaczuk, Rod Seiling and Jim Neilson are in the $125,000-$150,000 range. Only one Ranger regular makes less than the NHL's average wage of $55,000. But poor Popein. His salary as a rookie coach was reportedly $35,000, mere tipping money for his players.

The Rangers were healthy and wealthy, but so unwise as to play like butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, and they faced the chilling prospect of finishing in fifth or sixth place in the East and missing the Stanley Cup playoffs. "Let's face it, the money had to make them a little complacent," says Glen Sather, a fiery left wing whom Francis had exiled to St. Louis. Not that the Rangers ever finished in first place, mind you (not since 1942, anyway) or won the cup (not since 1940, before most of the present players were born), but for the last seven years they had always played well enough to extend the season by a week or two and provide the Garden management with the playoff money that converts red ink to black.

Like most hockey teams, the Rangers normally must make the playoffs in order to turn a profit on the year's operations. Last season was an exception because they received $857,000 as their share of NHL expansion fees, and this year the Rangers will begin collecting installment payments on the $4 million indemnification fee the New York Islanders agreed to pay them for infringing on their territory. According to Jennings, each playoff game in the Round Building, which is what he calls the Garden, nets approximately $100,000, so last season's four games brought the Rangers $400,000. Peanuts, you say? Well, consider this. In the last fiscal year the Round Building produced gross revenues of some $42 million but returned only $100,000 to the parent Madison Square Garden Corporation. Thus if the Rangers had not made it into the playoffs, the Garden would have operated in the red.

Little wonder, then, that Jennings and Francis decided to jettison Popein. "I'm going to crack down on these guys," Francis promised when he took over after a woeful 7–2 loss in Buffalo. "We'd better make the playoffs—and you can underline the word *better*." The Cat's anger registered. "We know if we don't start producing now," Park admitted, "someone else will be leaving—and it won't be Emile."

Francis gets the Rangers' full respect and attention because he alone makes player trades and he decides how much money they should be paid. "Popein couldn't scare us," said Left Wing Steve Vickers. Since his return Francis has positively frightened the Rangers to seven victories and two ties in 10 games, including a win and a tie in last weekend's series with the Minnesota North Stars. Vickers must be terrified of the Cat. Last season's top rookie when he scored 30 goals, Vickers had not scored in Popein's final 15 games as coach and, in fact, had

continued



The Rangers must make the playoffs to do their part in carrying an expensive arena.

spent much of his time at the end of the bench. In his first official act as coach, Francis reunited Vickers with his old linemates, Tkaczuk and Right Wing Bill Fairbairn, and in 10 games Vickers scored five goals. More important, the Rangers have taken a secure hold on third place behind Boston and Montreal in the East and seem assured of another playoff appearance, if not the cup itself.

Still, the early-season problems of this haughty team reinforced a belief, long and widely held, that it can—or will—play its best only for the Cat. "It's a human thing," says Gilbert. "Francis understands us and we understand him. It's really his team because he brought us all together. He can relate to us and we can relate to him. The Cat knows how to project his thoughts and ideas to us. He can tell us we're playing awful and do it in a way that doesn't make us mad." Says power-play specialist Bobby Rousseau: "Coaches are like servants today. They've got to do more than just coach. They've got to know what to say to the players—and how to say it." Popein clearly could not handle that part of the job. "There was no communication between us, no life at all," says Left Wing Ted Irvine.

That Francis hired Popein in the first place is traceable to the Cat's organization-man mind. "He had been with us in the organization for five years," Francis says, "and it was only fair that I gave him the first opportunity. I also thought he was the perfect man for the job, and I didn't figure he would have any problems whatsoever." As coach of the minor league Rhode Island Reds last season, however, Popein had angered both players and management by his inability, or reluctance, to communicate. Francis should have known this, but his chief failing as a general manager is that he places too much trust in the opinions of a small number of assistants and scouts who are strictly yes-men. "If Francis had been able to follow Popein around for a week or two, I'm sure he would have discovered what we all knew," says another NHL general manager. "Popein was not the man to coach the Rangers."

There was trouble from the start. In the first week of the season Popein had a run-in with Gilbert, an extremely valuable man, benching him because he arrived 30 minutes late for a routine strategy meeting. "When the Cat was coach," Gilbert says, "those meetings were always at noon. Larry had changed the time to 11 o'clock, but no one ever told me. In fact, I got to the Garden at 11:30 and figured I was a half hour early." Popein's handling of *l'affaire* Gilbert did not sit well with the Rangers. "It's a very touchy thing that could cause problems," Park said at the time. "Rod's one guy who doesn't miss meetings."

The Rangers had spiritless practice sessions, and their game plans seemed something borrowed from a peewee league. "One night when we played the Flyers," says one Ranger, "Larry spent 20 minutes before the game telling us that he wanted us to fire the puck down our right side and make [Philadelphia defenseman] Moose Dupont handle it. He had coached Moose in Omaha, and he knew that Moose panics when he touches the puck. I don't think it was a very good idea in the first place, but what happened was that Dupont didn't even play in the game."

Throughout this time Francis remained secluded in his office or traveled to the hockey hinterlands on scouting trips. "I figured that if I wasn't around too much," he says, "Larry would have a better chance. If I had been around, people would have said that I was calling the shots, so I stayed away." But three months into the season the Cat was back. (Popein, meanwhile, has stayed on New York's payroll as a scout. When last seen he was in Albuquerque observing the Six-Guns of the Central Hockey League.)

Besides improving the Rangers' performance and, potentially, management's cash flow, Francis also has established a shaky détente between the players and their critical Garden fans—the beer-drinking hardhats in the $4.50 balcony seats with their binoculars, as well as the noisy junior executives ensconced in the $10.50 expense-account box seats with their plastic cups of extra-dry vodka martinis. This was a task worthy of Kissinger for, quite understandably, the capacity crowds the Garden attracts to every game get terribly upset when they try to equate Ranger salaries with Ranger diligence and skill.

"Those bums are the Cat's Fat Cats," said an auto mechanic in the back row of the balcony one night recently. "This is the last time for me. If they don't win it all now, I'll start taking the wife to the movies instead of riding the subway down here for nuthin'." A buttoned-down advertising type sitting with his wife in the promenade section said, "Listen, the firm plans to cut back on free tickets, and unless the Rangers win the cup I certainly won't spend my *own* money to watch them next season. All things considered, it would cost us at least $2,000 out of our own pockets to see the Rangers all year. For that we could spend a month in the Bahamas, not just the two weeks we do now. You know what? I'm willing to bet that the Islanders win the Stanley Cup before the Rangers." Perhaps a rival NHL general manager put it best when he said, "The Rangers certainly could do what they're doing or not doing with a cast of lower-priced players."

Naturally, the New York players vigorously deny that they are overpaid. "Why do people criticize us because we make $200,000 a year?" Ratelle asks. "Why don't they criticize the Knicks? Some of their players make $200,000, too." The answer, or course, is that the Garden's basketball team, unlike the Rangers, have won two world championships in the last four seasons. Hadfield, the captain of the Rangers, understands why the fans are upset about the team's annual failure to finish in first place and/or win the cup, but he defends the salaries. "I can't insult the intelligence of the fans," Hadfield says. "Man for man we should be a hard team to beat, and we haven't won anything yet. But don't call us fat cats. We happen to be playing at a time when all salaries are getting out of hand, and we have to take advantage when we can."

Hadfield, practicing what he preaches, has become practically a skating conglomerate. With more than three complete seasons left on his $175,000-a-year contract with the Rangers, he has homes in Long Beach, N.Y. and Oakville, Ontario, and in partnership with former Ranger Andy Bathgate owns the Indian Wells Golf and Tennis Club in Burlington, Ontario. "It cost us more than $500,000 to buy the land and build the course," Hadfield says. "We bought the land about four years ago and let it sit until we paid it off. People get themselves in trouble when they borrow to buy and

continued

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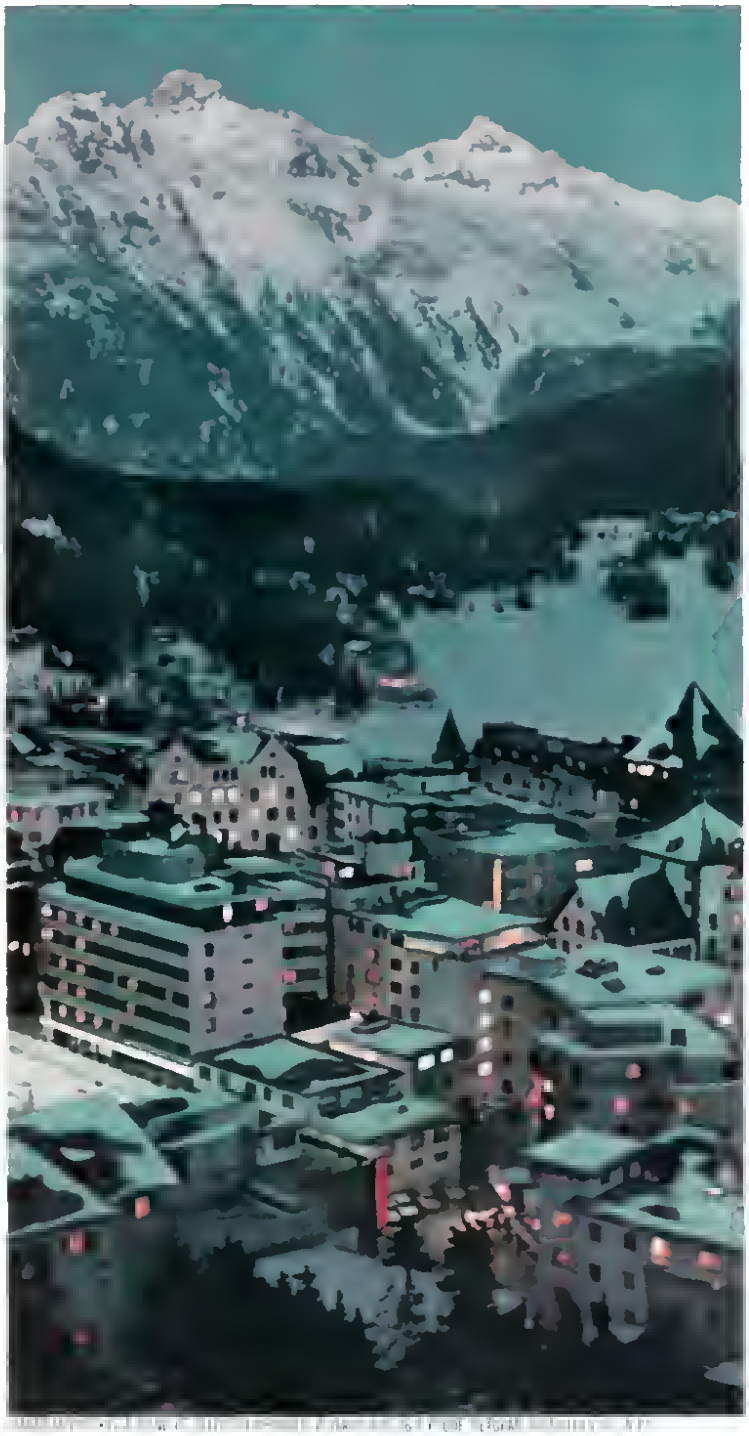
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borrow to develop at the same time. Then we borrowed to build the 18-hole golf course. Eventually we'll mark out 12 to 15 one-acre lots at the golf course and build homes on them." Hadfield also operates two truck and car rental franchises in the Burlington area, owns part of a hockey equipment company in partnership with Rod Gilbert and endorses products ranging from television sets to cameras to hockey games. He has also written a book, *Vic Hadfield's Diary: From Moscow to the Playoffs* (The Moscow chapter must be brief, since Hadfield abandoned Team Canada after its first game in Russia in that rousing 1972 series.) Contemplating his net worth, Hadfield says, "I don't classify myself as a millionaire. Not yet. Remember, I made only $8,000 my first year in the NHL back in 1961, and it took me 10 years to reach $50,000. It's just recently that hockey players have started to make big money."

For his part, the president of Brad Park Enterprises, Inc. insists that the grumbles of the critics never bother him. "There are only two people I have to please," Park says, "me personally, and the Cat. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm not saying that I'm worth what they're paying me. Still, I'm getting it, and I don't feel guilty. I've never given myself time to feel guilty, because I'm so happy."

Park, who owns a hockey school outside Toronto and three houses, tries to keep himself and his family on a $25,000 annual expense budget and invest most of the rest of his income in municipal bonds. "I'm out of the stock market completely," he says. "I have this thing in my mind that the stock market is a bad place to be."

Oddly enough, the man primarily responsible for the rich but muddled status of Park, Hadfield and the other Rangers is Nick Mileti, who happens to own the Cleveland Crusaders of the World Hockey Association. Eighteen months ago Mileti applied for one of the two expansion franchises that will join the NHL next season, but he lost out to a Kansas City syndicate that included young Jeff Jennings, a son of the Ranger president. Miffed, Mileti phoned WHA President Gary Davidson and bought a franchise in the new league for some $4 million less than Kansas City paid for admission to the NHL.

Figuring he had a $4 million paper profit to play with, Mileti began a financial assault on the Rangers. He got in touch with Park, Hadfield and Gilbert immediately and offered them long-term contracts for more than $1 million apiece. At the time they were making about $50,000 a year. Mileti realized that even if the three New York players did not jump to Cleveland, they would force Jennings and Francis to open the Garden's vault. "Nick is like Emile," Park says. "He levels with you. I came very close to signing with him, too. In fact, I eventually signed with the Rangers for less money than I would have gotten in Cleveland."

Back in New York, Jennings and Francis quickly perceived what Mileti was doing to them. "It was apparent," Jennings says, "that he was going for the Rangers' throat in three directions. We had to make a fast decision. Did we want to be a contending team, or be struggling again at the bottom? We knew we could not give our fans a winner if we lost Park, Hadfield and Gilbert." So the Rangers anted up, starting with Park, whose salary leaped forthwith to $250,000. "We were well aware that once we signed Park everyone else on the team had to be appropriately increased, too," Jennings says. Indeed, by the time Jennings and Francis had finished negotiating and renegotiating player contracts—one player renegotiated twice—the Ranger payroll had more than doubled from $750,000 to almost $1.75 million en route to its present level.

When the NHL's other owners heard details of Park's lucrative contract, they screamed foul. They reportedly had decided not to compete in dollars with the WHA for playing talent. Subsequently Bernie Parent, Derek Sanderson, Gerry Cheevers, Bobby Hull, J.C. Tremblay, Jim Harrison and other top NHL players jumped to the WHA when their teams displayed no inclination to double or triple salaries. "The Rangers," said Toronto Owner Harold Ballard, "are trying to buy the Stanley Cup."

In the last 33 years the Rangers have spent close to $100 million attempting to buy the $47.50 cup that Lord Stanley donated to the NHL, but they have always come away from the playoffs empty-handed. It still may take Henry the K to get it for them. **END**

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GENTLE BEN IS VERY TOUGH



At 22, Ben Crenshaw may look as beguiling as the boy next door, but give him a golf club and he turns killer. "Not since Jack . . . ," say judges of talent. "Not since Arnold . . . ," say critics of charm

by DAN JENKINS

For a while during the World Open at Pinehurst last November it looked as if Ben Crenshaw might win his second professional golf tournament in a row, and seeing as how he was only eight years old, or something like that, several members of the press got so excited they almost dropped their Olivettis. Writers adore instant heroes, as civilization knows, and now they had Crenshaw with his bleached mod hair and a smile like the nice young man who sacks your groceries, not to forget a long, powerful swing that looks as if an artist might have drawn it after studying the finest movements of Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and the Rolex GMT-Master. Already, Crenshaw seemed to be the best thing to happen to golf since beltless slacks.

Anyhow, down in North Carolina on a certain afternoon in the press room of Pinehurst Country Club, a British journalist was in the process of ad-libbing his daily report to London by phone when suddenly he stopped, blushed and glanced over at a friend.

"Oh, no!" said the Englishman. "I was just dictating about Crenshaw, and I think I used . . . *flaxen-haired.*"

Maybe you have to have a writer's worries about clichés to appreciate the humor in that, but the point is that Ben Crenshaw had scarcely had time to take the wrapping paper and ribbons off his golf game as a touring pro and he was a media problem.

A lot of questions were posed by this situation, questions that have been troubling if not infuriating people for years. People such as touring professionals, sponsors, gallery marshals, courtesy-car drivers, newspaper and magazine readers and even authors. Questions such as the following:

Why is Ben Crenshaw flaxen-haired while Frank Beard is somber?

Why is Ben Crenshaw "Gentle Ben" while Miller Barber is "Mister X"?

Why is Ben Crenshaw's facial expression described by the press as "angelic" while Bert Yancey's is "stoic"?

Why is Ben Crenshaw "warm and friendly" and "the next Arnold Palmer" and "a potential Jack Nicklaus," while Tommy Aaron is "the quiet, bespectacled Tommy Aaron," while Charles Coody is "former Masters champion Charles Coody," while Dave Stockton is "determined Dave Stockton," and while dozens of others on the tour are as invisible as a poltergeist except for the Amana caps they wear?

It is impossible to answer these questions to everybody's satisfaction. People are still trying to figure out why Arnold Palmer owned the 1960s. If Crenshaw winds up owning the last half of the 1970s—as many predict—it will result from his having done pretty much what Palmer did. He will have to win consistently, sometimes spectacularly, and he will have to remain the "nice guy" that everyone who either knows him, has seen him, or simply observed him, insists he is.

Charm, charisma, appeal. Some golfers have it built in, like a Palmer or a Lee Trevino, and others acquire it, as Nicklaus and Ben Hogan did, by winning. Crenshaw undoubtedly has it built in, Palmer style, but he appears to be starting out with even more golfing ability than Palmer had.

In trying to explain why Crenshaw is already so popular, you have to start with how he looks. First of all, he is 22 but could pass for 17. This means he is a "kid" out there with all those grown-ups. Crowds love a kid.

Next, Crenshaw is small. He is no midget, of course, at 5′ 9″ and 165, and he has a strong, well-proportioned, athletic frame with exceptionally sturdy legs, which helps account for the distance he gets on many of his shots. But compared to a Nicklaus or a Tom Weiskopf he is little. The wee Texan, as Hogan was the Wee Iceman. Crowds love a wee kid.

Now comes the "boyish good looks." The angelic stuff. Crenshaw has this friendly, warming smile with sincerity written all over it. The smile sits beneath the mop of long, bleached hair—campus hair, somebody called it. And blond. And the hair is not *too* long. Crowds love a wee blond kid whose hair is not *too* long.

The world of big-time golf first got an inkling about Crenshaw back in 1970 during the U.S. Open at Hazeltine. He was 18, and as he says, "Boy, was I lost."

Thursday at Hazeltine was a day when the wind blew 40 mph, and Tony Jacklin's 71 was the low score. Crenshaw's 75 was one of the better totals of the opening round, so he was asked to the press tent. In he came, a bewildered teenager. He sat down at a table with a microphone before him and stared out at the media types. Dozens of them. He had no idea what he was supposed to do.

A fellow in the front row tried to be helpful.

"Ben, would you go through your card, please?" the man said, meaning for Crenshaw to describe how he played each hole, the clubs he hit, the length of the putts, and so on.

"Sure," said Crenshaw, looking down at a copy of his scorecard. And then he read into the mike.

"Four . four . five . . two. . . ."

The laughter interrupted him, and Crenshaw quickly caught on. He looked up from the scorecard and out at the crowd, embarrassed but smiling.

"I didn't mean to insinuate that none of you can read," he said. Crowds love a blond, wee, embarrassed kid with a sense of humor.

None of this would matter, of course, if Crenshaw had not come to the pro tour with the greatest amateur record since Nicklaus and the greatest amateur buildup since Nicklaus. It would matter even less if Gentle Ben had not burst onto the tour and immediately proved he could play with the world's best.

Anyone familiar with his amateur record should have known that Crenshaw would not waste much time establishing himself as a professional star. His game was too good. As a 19-year-old freshman at the University of Texas he won the NCAA championship, the only freshman ever to do so. He captured five other tournaments that year, 1971, including the Eastern and Southern Amateurs. In 1972 he won the NCAA again, and this time he added 10 other victories, including the Trans-Miss and the Porter Cup. Although he was a heavy

continued

OFF THE TOUR, Crenshaw enjoys a quiet moment on his balcony with a hometown friend.

favorite to take the U.S. Amateur, he had to settle for a tie for second behind Vinny Giles. But there he was, only a college sophomore, and already he was being called our best amateur.

The final proof of his talent came last year. For a record third time he won the NCAA, and again he added 10 other championships, including the Western, Southern, Northeast and Sunnehanna. Indeed, he won 11 of the 15 tournaments he entered.

And then it was time for him to make a decision. He was forced by the rules to decide whether he intended to turn pro and try out for the PGA's qualifying school before the U.S. Amateur and the Walker Cup matches. If he waited to become a pro in order to try to win the Amateur he would have to wait a whole year.

Crenshaw felt ready for the major league. Not just because of his amateur successes but because he had played in a few tour events as an amateur and had always done well. Done well? That's too modest. He finished third in the Heritage at Harbour Town, for example, and seventh in the Houston Open at Champions. He was 19th in his first Masters two years ago, and last year he was the sensation of Augusta during the second round. Paired with Nicklaus, he gained 10 strokes on Jack during a nine-hole stretch, taking over the tournament lead at one point. Eventually he finished 24th. And then there were all the low scores he kept shooting when he sought out famous old courses during his amateur travels. Like a 67 at Pine Valley and a 65 at Shinnecock Hills.

"When I get on one of those old courses, particularly in the East, I sort of go into a trance," he says. "I wander around seeing myself in the National Open of 1901, or something. I sure hated to miss out on winning the U.S. Amateur, but I had to get on the tour because I think I belong."

Crenshaw quickly started proving it in the PGA school, which is a 144-hole grind that has seen many a good player fail, including Peter Oosterhuis, David Graham and Eddie Pearce. Crenshaw led the school by 12 strokes, as if it were held at Austin Country Club instead of Perdido Bay and The Dunes in Myrtle Beach, one of the toughest of courses. In the last round at The Dunes he shot a 68, with a six-under 30 on the back nine. In the Texas Open, his first start as an official PGA cardholder, he won. Yeah. He just went out there in San Antonio with all those George Archers, lured lots of the gallery right away from them—including some coeds from Trinity University who were outfitted in T shirts that said BEN'S BUNNIES—and he won. In two other tournaments since then he has almost won, finishing second to Miller Barber in the World Open at Pinehurst and second to Johnny Miller in the Tucson Open.

In short, Crenshaw has been a pro less than six months, and already he has a first, two seconds and about $100,000 in prize money. He has established himself as a name, a draw, a sponsor's pet.

But more than that, Crenshaw is now being talked about among the players and press alike as having such lavish things in his possession as "the best swing on the tour" and "the greatest attitude since Nicklaus" and "the perfect grip." He has what the pros call a long swing. It is graceful but full of force, which comes from a good grip, timing, and the strength in his legs. He takes the club all the way back—just past horizontal, as they say in the instruction articles—and he brings it all the way through.

Crenshaw was taught the game by two men, his father Charles, who is a lawyer in Austin, and Harvey Penick, whose reputation as one of golf's best teachers has spanned four decades.

"My swing is basically the same one I've always had, and so is my grip," Crenshaw says. "I can't remember anybody ever changing much, except for my stance and alignment."

He remembers being taught to compete, winning his first tournament in the fourth grade—the Casis Elementary Invitation—by shooting 49-47, then getting his picture in the paper when he was only 11 after having shot a 74, and being sent to the back tees, the blue markers, when he was barely 13 and being told by his father to "stay there."

There are all sorts of stories about how terrifyingly good Crenshaw was in his early teens. By the time he was 14 he was going around Austin Country Club in the low 70s and occasionally the 60s—from the back.

"Every kid's ambition is to win the state junior in Texas," Crenshaw says. "It was mine, too. I was lucky enough to win it when I was 15, so I decided I'd better think up some more ambitions."

"If you were a young player in Texas and thought you were pretty good, all you had to do was watch Ben swing and see how much farther he hit it to wonder about your own ability," says Terry Jastrow, a producer for ABC-TV who played his share of Texas amateur golf as a boy.

"There was something else that convinced you," Jastrow remembers. "A bunch of us would be on the practice range beating balls. With everybody else Harvey Penick would spend an hour. But when he got around to Ben, he would look at him for a minute or two, smile and tell him to go play golf."

For all of this, Crenshaw insists he was never pushed into the sport by a father who decided to try to mold his very own Nicklaus.

"I got exposed to golf by riding around in a cart while my dad played," says Ben. "When I finally got to play regularly, all my dad said was I'd have to learn how to play the right way, and by the rules."

It was evident early on that his father's lectures about playing by the rules had taken. There was the time when Ben was 17 that he needed only two putts from 20 feet on the final green in Houston to qualify for the USGA Junior Amateur Championship. He two-putted but called a penalty on himself, thereby failing to qualify. "The ball moved," he said.

Crowds love a wee, blond, long-hitting kid who is honest.

As the thousands in his galleries have come to realize, Crenshaw has spirit to go along with his warmth. This, too, is almost Palmeresque. His face can express exquisite agony, or radiate with a grin. And he can display anger without having it linger.

At Tucson recently he hit a shot from far down the fairway, out of a bunker. Seconds after he swung he turned away in fiery frustration and beat the club on the ground. Was the ball headed out of bounds? No. Here it came floating nicely down onto the green, the precise distance six feet from cup, pin high.

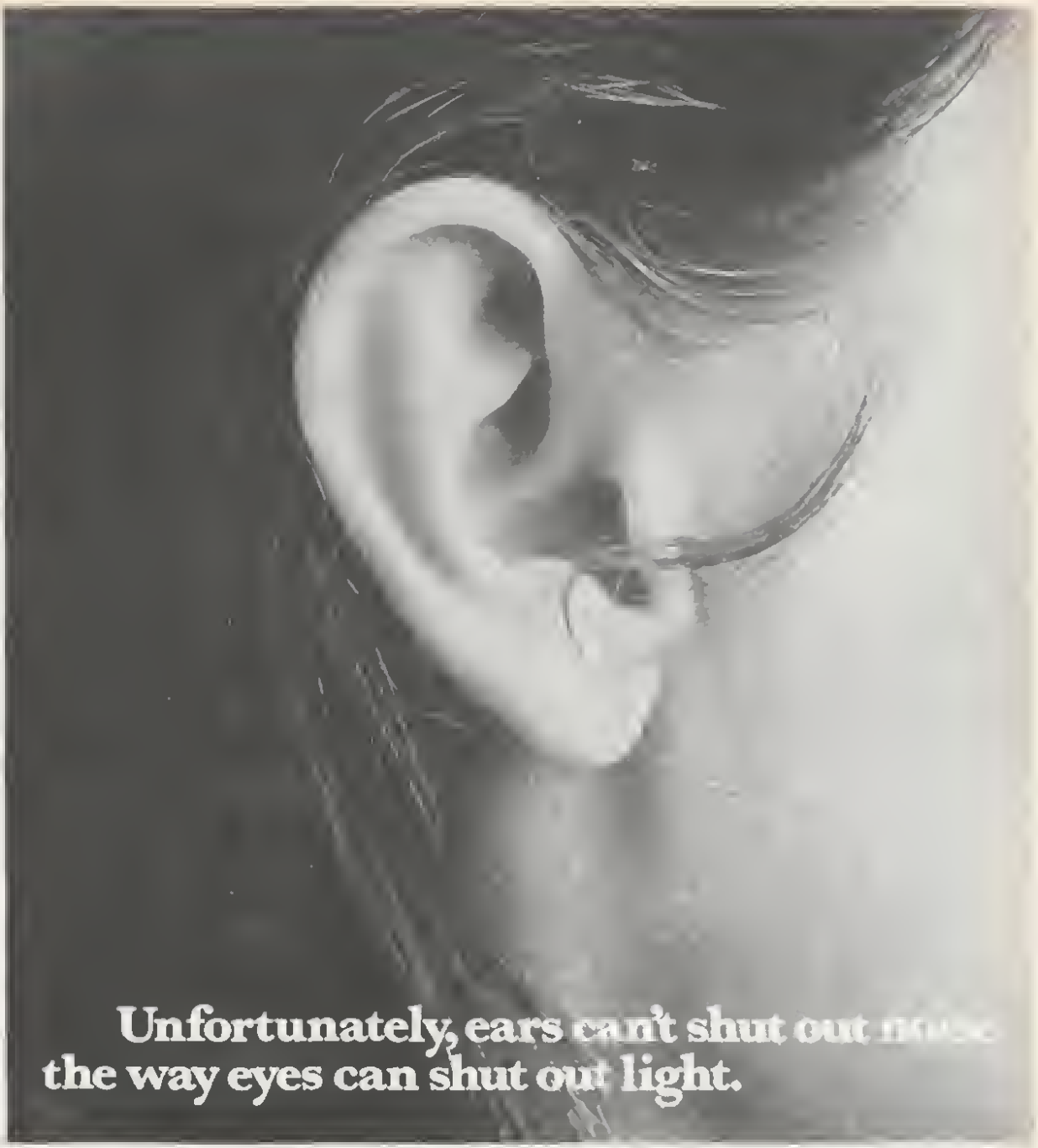
"What was that act all about?" he was asked. "What were you so mad about?"

Crenshaw grinned.

"It didn't fade," he said.

Crenshaw has not had time to develop enemies on the tour, but it is hard to imagine that happening. He is already accustomed to being ribbed by the older players about his ability, his reputation, his "cuteness" and the fact that young

continued



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ladies are drawn to him in large numbers.

"He's our leader," says Allen Miller, who, along with Lanny Wadkins, Tom Kite, John Mahaffey and several others, was an amateur competitor of Crenshaw's. Now they are all on the tour.

"Ben beats you to death, but you can't resist liking him and respecting him," Miller says. "It's like he's representing *us* out here, our era. If he wins, it's like we win. The thing about him is, he almost roots for you to beat him—if you're good enough. Tell you what, I'll be very happy to finish second to him every week—and pick up his cast-off girls."

"Ben's Wrens" is the name that has been given to some of his more spectacular fans. He has taken up the habit of getting almost as many autographs as he gives, along with addresses and phone numbers.

"Wrens is funnier than Bunnies," says Ben.

It seems no one is safe from Crenshaw's charm. It keeps coming out in different ways.

Hearing they were going to be paired together in a tournament round, Tommy Shaw, now a tour veteran, said, "Hey, great. I've been waiting two years to get to play with him!"

Lee Trevino says, "He's got the best grip, the best setup and best swing I've ever seen. Besides that, he's nice."

After he beat Crenshaw to win his third tournament in a row, Johnny Miller said, "Wow, what a player he is. I didn't think I could hold him off. He has to be the best for his age there ever was. His personality is too good to be true. We may never know it, but down inside of him there might be the cockiest killer there ever was."

A lady official at the Tucson National Golf Club took it a step further.

"Ben hasn't been here for three years," she said. "That's when he won his first NCAA. But he remembered everybody's name. Do you know why everybody likes him? It's because the women want to mother him and the men want to father him." She did not mention the Wrens.

As Crenshaw walked off down the first fairway at Tucson with Bruce Crampton and Dave Hill early in the tournament, a bevy of girls set off in pursuit.

"Who're we following?" one of them asked.

"I don't know who the other two are," one Wren said. "But *that's* Ben Crenshaw!" **END**

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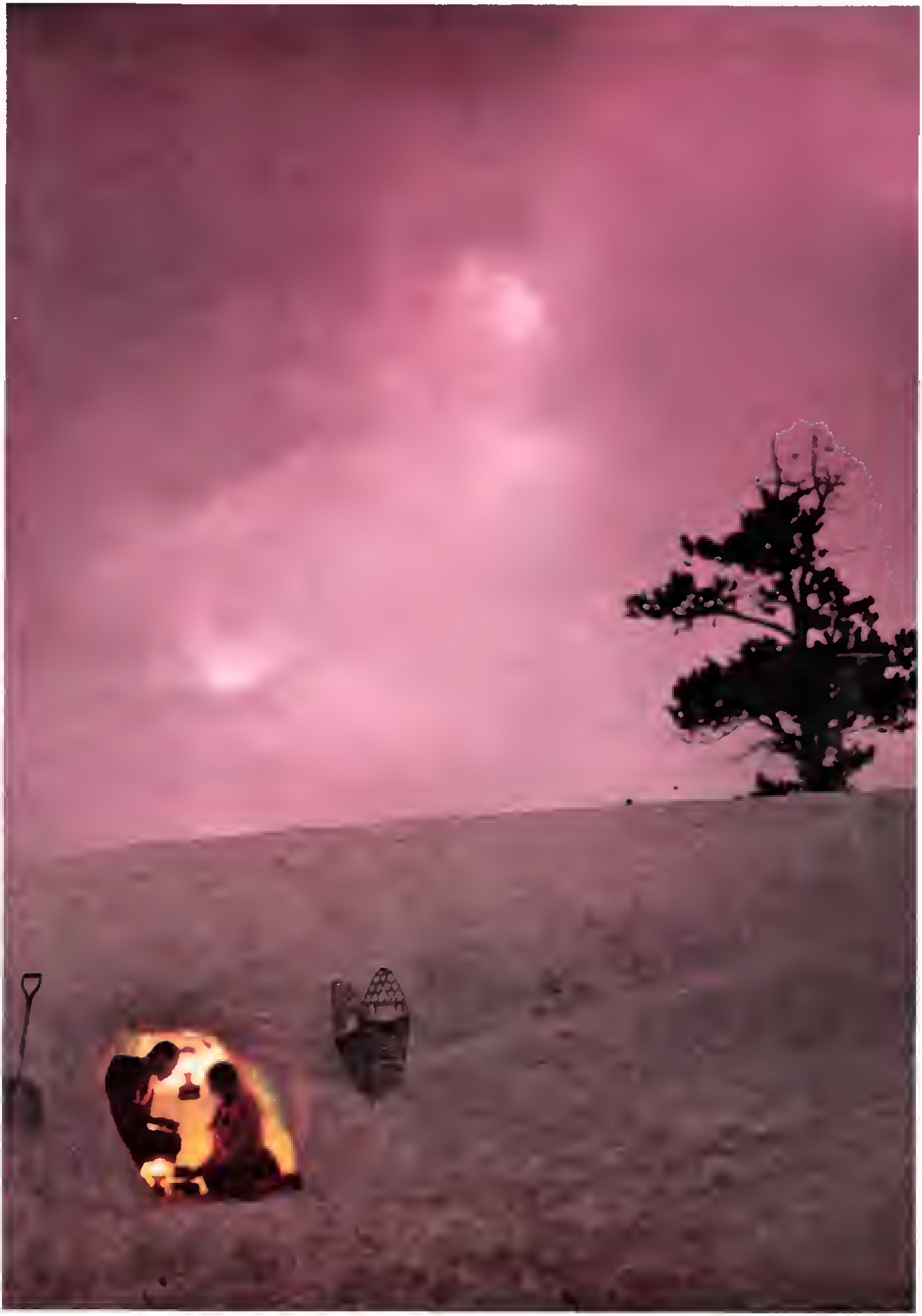


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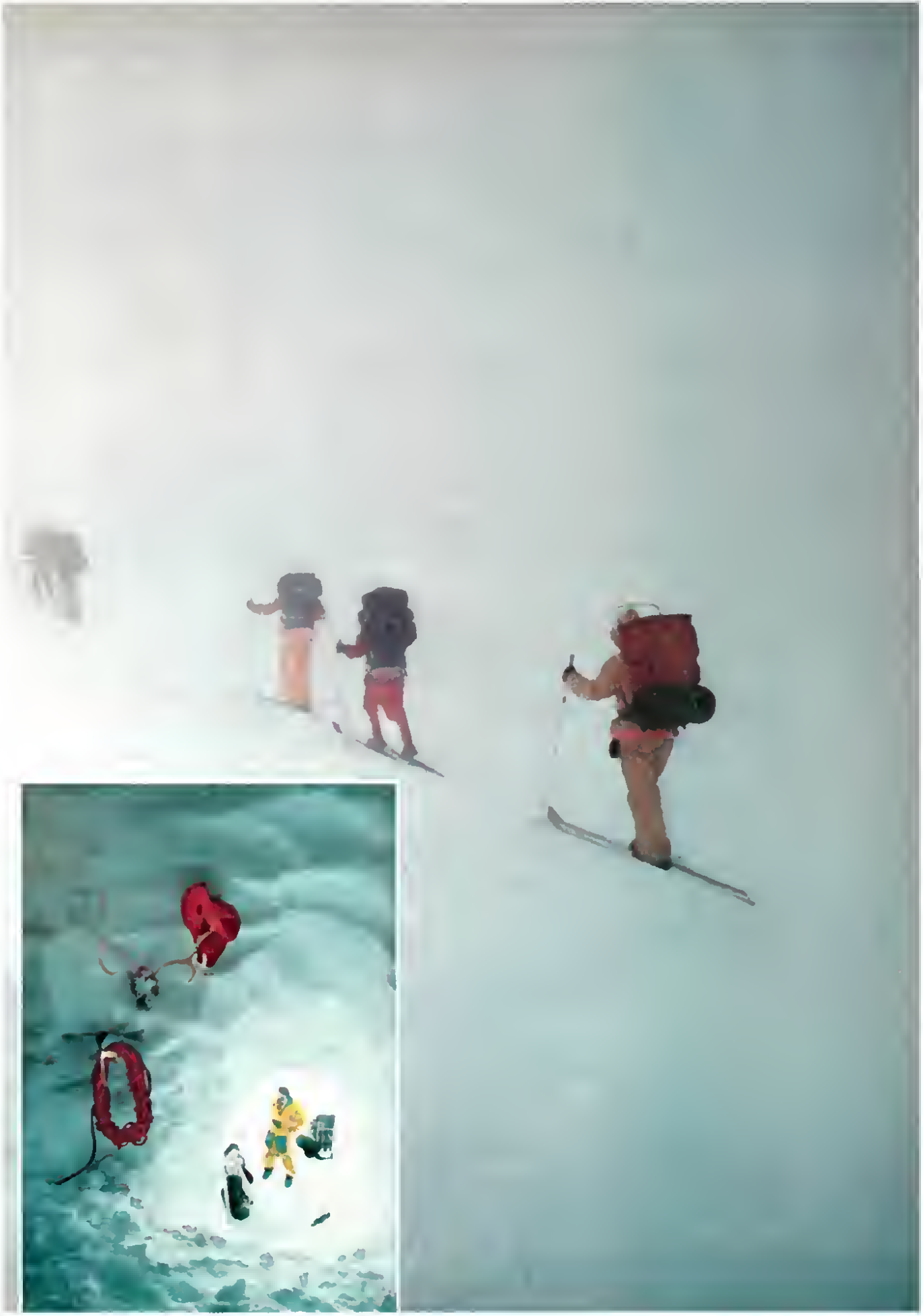
Because beors ore smort enough to sneak aff under a snawbank ta escape Wyaming's biting winters, the Natianal Outdoar Leadership Schaal in Lander has refined this behaviar as part af its survival lessans. Students burraw inta the lee side af a hill, cutting aut cazy apartments like the ane at right and an the fallawing pages, where all decarating is dane à la shavel, and central heating cames fram candles. Snaw caves make far happy, if hardy, times; autside temperatures are crackling cald, but inside it saars ta a snug 25°. Inhabitants learn ta bear it.

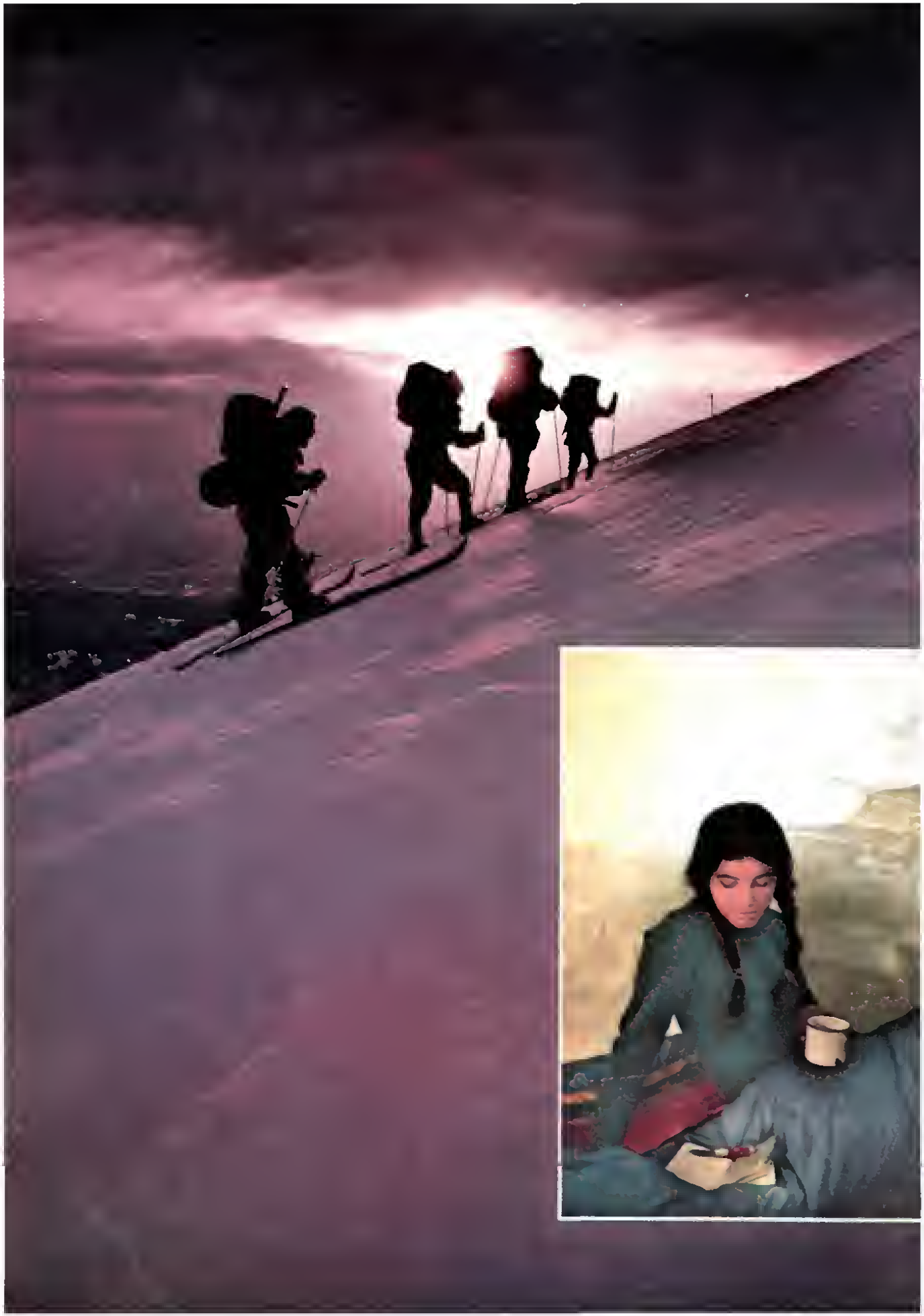
Snowplace like Home

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II









'build a palace—not a hole'

They skied down the slope toward Sinks Canyon, and an early winter sun, lighting the rugged Wyoming mountains of the Wind River Range, picked them out one by one. Finally it embraced them all—a dozen students, accompanied by Expedition Leader Andy Carson and Instructor Randy Cerf, just finishing up a two-week Leadership School expedition out of Lander. A hundred or so expeditions like this one, attracting 1,500 to 2,000 young people, are run by NOLS every year, each one a mini-course in living in the wilderness, or what is left of it. The fees vary with the expedition: the Wind River trip, for instance, costs $250. There are other winter courses in the remote areas of Yellowstone National Park, summer trips through Washington's North Cascades, climbs up Mount McKinley and an annual assault on the Grand Teton every January.

But the Wind River Range expedition is something special, for on it youngsters learn how to build and live in snow caves. Most of them start out having quite a lot to learn about practically everything. The majority have never been on skis, never carried full-size backpacks, never climbed a real mountain, and certainly never thought much about building snow caves—for which the soft, powdery Wyoming snow is admirably suited—at least not the way NOLS people think about snow caves. "We don't ask them to build itsy-bitsy holes they can crawl into," said George Hunker, one of the school's expedition leaders and a man who grows lyrical on the subject of snow construction. "We teach them how to build palaces. Snow has structural integrity, if you do the thing properly."

A proper snow cave begins with a doorway six to eight feet high, dug slightly uphill into a steep bank. The entrance must be domed, and shored up with snow arches to keep the cave from sinking. Farther back are the sleeping chambers, which must be higher than the entrance level. Otherwise wind and blowing snow can make things miserable inside. A NOLS cave is generally large enough for 10 people to move around in comfortably though not expansively. "Building the snow cave is the hardest work of the trip," said Hunker. "Snow is heavy, so it's a little like digging coal."

Before they start the cave project, the students have learned how to get around on skis, how to clothe themselves against outer cold and feed themselves properly for inner warmth. (Nibble, nibble, nibble on high-calorie foods.) They have learned how to avoid polluting streams, how to read maps and how to tell directions with or without a compass. They study the deadliest hazard of the winter mountains—the avalanche. Each student in turn is appointed leader for the day, making major decisions about campsites and the route that will take them there. They learn how to light, clean and repair their camp stoves. The aim of the school is to make a student self-sufficient and capable of taking other groups into the mountains. Members of the expedition watch and care for each other. "The strongest skier never goes faster than the slowest member," says Carson. A tired, winded student is taught rhythmic breathing, how to suit his pace to his heartbeat. "Sometimes we make only two miles the first day. But soon even the slowest member of the group is increasing his pace."

The sun grew brighter, and then they were there just above the canyon, their red parkas and wind pants strung out on the slope like a crimson necklace. Down below, they stowed their gear in a pickup truck and clambered into a second-hand school bus, ready for blueberry pancakes, scrambled eggs, sweet rolls and coffee. The snow caves had taken almost one full day to build. They had slept two nights in them, and spent a day climbing 12,734-foot Atlantic Peak. The mood was high exhilaration. Then Jim Hancock, of Cazenovia, N.Y., heard a bit of news that for the rest of the U.S. was already past history. "What?" he howled. "Minnesota *lost*?" It was enough to make him want to go right back up the mountain to the snow cave, where cold realities like Miami never intrude.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

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British actor Peter Cook is touched—with genius, it would seem, for sports soothsaying, and surely with lunatic humor as co-star of the madcap review 'Good Evening,' which is the hot favorite on Broadway

by RON FIMRITE

NOT ZONK, JUST ZONKERS

He stood in the wings backstage at New York's Plymouth Theater, the very prototype of the angular, impeccably tailored English gentleman, smiling dauntlessly despite the lingering ravages of insuperable dyspepsia. In seconds, Peter Cook and his partner in comedy, the diminutive but comparably dapper Dudley Moore, would reduce another Broadway audience to helpless laughter with their two-man review, *Good Evening*, a series of sketches that may yet restore meaning to the word irreverence.

But Cook, at this ordinarily tense moment, was thinking not so much of the boffos his wit would soon elicit from the customers as he was of a dream come true the day before. A fortnight earlier he had been visited in his sleep by a vision, and after tossing restlessly with the burdens of clairvoyance, he awoke sharply at his usual hour, one p.m., sat bolt upright and announced to what we must assume was an otherwise unoccupied sleeping chamber "Dolphins, 17 0 at the half!"

Cook is not one to invest his dreams with Freudian gobbledygook; he prefers to take them at face value. Should he dream, for example, of being pursued down a deserted mine shaft by fierce African tribesmen, he might spend the next day prudently avoiding large apertures and black men attired in leopard skins. On one previous occasion he had dreamed that a long shot named You Can Fly had won a horse race in England. He was only momentarily dismayed that afternoon when he could find no horse of this name listed under "Y" in the racing form. Under "U," however, there was U-Can-Fly. Cook wagered £10 on his nose. U-Can-Fly won in a breeze, paying 10 to 1.

With this history of somnambulistic soothsaying, he could scarcely ignore the pre-Super Bowl visitation, so he collared Assistant Stage Manager Tom Urban, a betting nemesis, and with minimal difficulty cajoled him into giving 10-to-1 odds on the halftime score. They watched the game together on television at Urban's New Jersey digs. Urban sat in stunned silence as the Dolphins speedily accumulated the requisite 17 points. But then the Vikings mounted an offensive that carried to the shadow of the Miami goalpost. Fourth and a yard on the six! A cinch first down. Then a touchdown that would shatter the myth of Cook's supernatural powers. When on the next play Oscar Reed fumbled away the Vikings' opportunity, Urban gasped in disbelief, showing the pallor of one who has just seen another man's dream come true. Cook matter-of-factly collected his bet, dismissing the entire affair as merely a further demonstration of his complicity with the unseen, "The Great," as he put it, "Sportsman in the Sky."

Inwardly, he gloated. And at the theater the following evening, still vibrating from the effects of the postgame celebration, he appeared for his curtain call arrayed in a sweat shirt on which was emblazoned PROPERTY OF MIAMI DOLPHINS. Maybe for the first time, this deft comedian heard a smattering of boos.

Cook's intense involvement with American sports is a continuing puzzlement to his countrymen, particularly Moore, who thinks Csonka is a U.S. substitute for coffee. But Cook, the Cambridge-educated son of a British diplomat, cheers shamelessly for such colonials as Paul Warfield, Tug McGraw and Joe Frazier.

"Actors and athletes have always had a great affinity for one another," Cook explains. "Actors, athletes and crooks. Criminals get along famously with people in our businesses. I think it is because they recognize in us fellow thieves. As entertainers, you see, we are also in the business of stealing the public's money. We are paid so disproportionately."

Disregarding any identification with the underworld, there is considerable truth in Cook's argument. In this country, the theater and the arena have long housed many of the same performers. Dating to John L. Sullivan, whose portrayal of Captain Harcourt in *The Man from Boston* made up in bluster what it lacked in refined technique, athletes have been drawn magnetically to the stage. Sullivan's successor as heavyweight champion of the world, Gentleman Jim Corbett, was an actor of considerable subtlety. His performance in George Ber-



nard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession* was, in his opinion at least, a triumph as great as any he achieved in the ring. Indeed, Corbett was a natural for the part, since Cashel Byron's profession was prizefighting. No matter. "I want to reach the point," said Corbett of his theatrical career, "where people will turn around and say, 'There goes Jim Corbett, the actor,' not 'There goes Jim Corbett, the prizefighter.'" Bob Fitzsimmons, who flattened the aspiring thespian with his renowned solar plexus punch, is the only person known to have regarded Gentleman Jim in quite this light.

Sullivan and Corbett were merely the first in a distinguished line of jock-actors whose number includes Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Johnny Mack Brown, the Maxies—Baer and Rosenbloom—Woody Strode and such contemporary artists as Jim Brown, Fred Williamson and Joe Namath. This excludes athletes such as Frankie Albert, Tom Harmon, Blanchard and Davis, Elroy Hirsch and Jackie Robinson, who starred, regrettably, in their own quickie cinematic biographies.

There has been traffic as well in the reverse direction. Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Gene Autry and Danny Thomas have all been investors in big-league sports franchises. And every actor, crooner and stand-up comic, with the possible exception of Mason Reese, has fronted his own celebrity golf classic.

As narcissists, most actors are inclined to attribute to themselves physical prowess that is rarely demonstrable. This has not stopped them from exercising imagined talents, as the high incidence of casino punch-outs would seem to attest. Some performers, notably David Hartman, Charley Pride, Jerry Lewis and the late Jeff Chandler, remained so convinced of their athletic promise that they annually worked out with major league baseball teams, Hartman and Chandler with San Francisco, Pride with the Milwaukee Brewers and Lewis with the Houston Astros. Chandler, in particular, let it be known that he would rather play first base than Cochise. Unfortunately, he was a far better Indian than a Giant.

What sets Peter Cook apart from the stage's run-of-the-mine jock *manqué* is his Britishness. The English colony in Hollywood did cultivate such sports as cricket and polo, and many theater people in England are avid sports freaks, but Cook is a bona fide fan of *American* games. It is doubtful if Ronald Colman could have identified Johnny Murphy, the old Yankee fireman, but Cook can certainly pick Sparky Lyle from a crowd, even welcome him with a few bars of *Pomp and Circumstance*. Baseball was Cook's first love here. He became an enthusiast when he arrived in this country 12 years ago with *Beyond the Fringe*, the predecessor of *Good Evening*.

"I got into baseball rather easily," he says. "I didn't find it boring. Quite lively, in fact. In Britain soccer now is a low-scoring game with too much emphasis on 'dee-fense' you will observe I use the American pronunciation. And then there is Rugby League [subject of the hit play *The Changing Room*, and the film of a few years ago *This Sporting Life*], which is quite a boring game played mostly by brawling beer drinkers. So in comparison, baseball seemed interesting to me. I'm very fond of that fun guy on the Mets, Tug McGraw. Can't imagine him going to bed every night at 10."

Cook, who regards 10 p.m. as midday, prefers his favorites to be properly flawed. Physical-fitness evangelists repel him. "Fitness to me means fatness. What happens to all that muscle when it is no longer used. It melts to fat, of course." Sonny Liston was a special Cook favorite. And so is Joe Frazier, "who is sort of ugly and sings all those awful rock songs." Invariably, Cook will "root for the better man to lose" and only once in sports can he recall being on the side of the angels.

"It was the best tennis match I've ever seen—Stan Smith against Nastase at Wimbledon. Under ordinary circumstances, I would naturally be for a player like Nastase. He has that charisma and

continued

he throws his racket around all the time. My sort of fellow. But on this day the crowd was for him, so I leaned toward Smith. Besides, Smith did something that absolutely endeared him to me. Once during the match, he looked up to the skies and seemed to be praying. Sure enough, he won. And afterward, he had the good grace to attribute the victory to God. I liked that."

Cook is a fairly accomplished golfer, tennis and Ping-Pong player, but he is at his best spectating. As an English public school boy, however, he played fullback on the rugby team. It was a game he learned to loathe, largely because of his own totally undeserved reputation for bravery. "I fell on a loose ball and, through ignorance and fear, held on despite a fierce pummeling," he says. "It took me months to convince my teammates I was a coward."

Like most "vague celebrities," he is frequently invited to participate in pro-am golf tournaments, although he finds them completely unnerving. "I had a 10 handicap when I was 10," Cook says. "I have a 12 now that I'm 37. Still, I am capable of an occasional good round. Once I played with Henry Cooper, the boxer—there is a nice, pleasant fellow—and the British pro, Clive Clark, in a pro-am in England. I was terrified at the 1st tee. There were all those smiling faces—people love to watch show-business types make fools of themselves. I was certain I'd slice my first drive right into one of those smiles. Instead, I hit the ball squarely down the middle of the fairway and, in fact, continued to play that way. I was par for the front nine. Clark was flabbergasted. I had scored better than he. He was a typical pro. Took forever to make a shot. Examined every blade of grass. I was just banging along. Well, then I made the mistake of dropping in to the refreshment tent for a little Johnnie Walker. I shot 54 on the back nine. Clark was flabbergasted again. 'What,' he asked me in all seriousness, 'happened to your touch?' "

Cook's passion for American sports is shared by neither his onstage partner, Moore, nor his offstage girl friend, Judy Huxtable (both Cook and Moore are divorced), though often to their confusion, he will phone them with scores from time to time. Cook was astonished that Moore evinced little interest in his Super Bowl triumph. "I suppose he had something better to do," Cook says wistfully.

Although he was an incurable horse player and unflagging supporter of the Tottenham Hotspurs as an undergraduate, Cook completed a course in languages at Cambridge and became a campus celebrity as the author and star of a number of comedy reviews. Moore, a year older, was up to much the same at Oxford. Both were invited in 1960 to join Alan Bennett, then a tutor in medieval history at Oxford, and Jonathan Miller, a Cambridge graduate doing his hospital residency, to form *Beyond the Fringe*. Miller later abandoned his medical career and became a director at Britain's National Theater, and Bennett became a successful playwright, whose *Habeas Corpus* with Sir Alec Guinness is a current London hit. "Dudley and I were the only ones who wanted to continue as entertainers," Cook says. "We were the clowns."

Together they appeared in the 1967 film *Bedazzled* with Raquel Welch (Cook was the screenwriter) and have continued to perform as a team irregularly over the past decade. Once on English television they staged "the world's largest boxing match," which was completed by candlelight. Cooper, then British heavyweight champion, was Moore's second. Terry Downes, the former middleweight champion of New York, Massachusetts and Europe, was in Cook's corner. "I've been a good friend of Terry's ever since," Cook says. "He's crazy about acting." Cook also opened a nightclub, The Establishment, and started a satirical magazine, *Private Eye*, which is the talk of England and has surpassed the legendary *Punch* in circulation.

Cook and Moore are a perfectly unmatched pair onstage: Cook is 6'2", Moore 5'3". Cook affects an air of studied ennui, the languid expression appropriate to the hound's face. Moore is all raised eyebrows, stiff upper lip and quick movement. In one memorable sketch he bounces onstage as a one-legged actor auditioning for the role of Tarzan, only to be advised by an aloof Cook, as the producer, that "two legs would seem to be the minimum requirement for the role."

During the course of the 15 sketches, virtually every human affectation is mocked, along with most liberation movements. Cook and Moore are fearless, even to the point of amusing themselves at the expense of the formidable Germaine Greer. They are comedically incorruptible and as a result, their comedy—and it is high comedy—has a freshness seldom experienced. "We are like dinosaurs," says Cook. "The last of a species."

Cook's dressing room is barely large enough to contain his lanky body. On this night there is a bottle of Scotch in front of the mirror, but Cook is resolutely drinking from a carton of milk. He adjusts the maroon tie he will be wearing in the first sketch with hands that are trembling slightly—but not, he quickly advises, because of stage fright.

"No. I'm never really nervous. Dudley and I enjoy what we're doing and we're sure of our material. I suspect I'm still trying to recover from the Super Bowl. It was a typical American sporting Sunday, you must realize. Beer, Chinese food and about 70 Bloody Marys. Too bad it was such a dull game. But isn't that Csonka marvelous—all power and intelligence. Can that be his real name? It's almost too perfect for a fullback."

"Five minutes, Mr. Cook," betting victim Urban advises with mock *42nd Street* solemnity. "Five minutes."

Cook polishes off the last of the milk and says, "Probably be terrible tonight drinking this stuff." He hears Moore's voice. "How much time do we have?" "Tell him there's plenty of time," Cook calls out. "Tell him a huge fight has broken out in the audience."

"Start counting to 60," the curtain man is instructed by Stage Manager Alan Coleridge. "Can't count that high" is the reply.

Cook laughs. He is well turned out in a stiff gray suit and he appears relaxed. He takes a deep breath, then looks back.

"Seventeen to nothing. Extraordinary, these unnatural powers of mine."

The curtain rises. Cook strides confidently from the wings, as controlled in his movements as an athlete. He encounters a surprised-looking Moore in mid-stage.

"Hello there.... How long has it been? ... Why, I haven't seen you since ... since ... never, actually.... That's right, we've never met.... I've never met you and you've never met me.... What a small world...."

The laughter begins to rise. It seems to carry the two men forward. Cook looks pleased now. It will be a big night. This game, too, is going well. **END**

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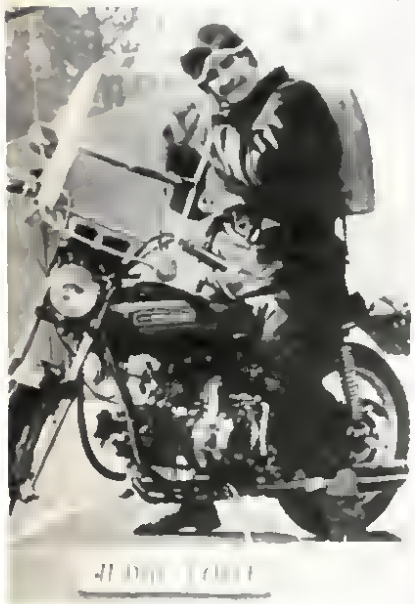
Atlanta Hawk Announcer **Skip Caray**, whose real name is Harry Caray Jr., dates a Japanese stewardess. He was thinking of getting engaged until he realized that marriage would be terribly unfair to her.

"Think of what would happen," he said, "if she went into a crowded grocery store and wrote a check and signed it 'Mrs. Harry Caray.' " He's right. Suicidal to try it.

At Gallagher's Steak House, a luncheon meeting place for the Manhattan expense-account crowd, photographs of the famous and near-famous cover the walls. For years a picture of **Richard Nixon** was displayed, but just the other day a customer looked up and noticed that Nixon had disappeared. In his place—**Casey Stengel**.

A Philadelphia Flyers' hockey fan has figured out why one of last year's big offensive guns is having an off year. In a letter to Columnist Frank Dolson he pointed out that Wing **Rick MacLeish**, who has made only 18 goals this season, compared with 50 last, receives a free case of Tastykakes for each goal he scores. "There are 24 packs per case and three cakes per pack," the correspondent computed. "MacLeish has consumed 3,600 cakes since last year, a minimum of 576,000 calories." The name of the letter writer, by the way, was **Rex Stout**. Wolf that down.

◆



◆ When **Thomas Hunter Lowe** was speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates, he caused a lot of tongue-clucking and head-shaking because he would drive up to Annapolis from his Talbot County farm in a muddy old truck. Now Speaker Lowe is Judge Lowe, a member of the Court of Special Appeals, and he has turned to a different mode of transportation. His Honor, dressed in an appropriately black jump suit, roars into the capital astride a Harley-Davidson motorcycle and opines, "People don't care if I get there on roller skates as long as my opinions are proper." Improper, he judges, are close followers. "When you're tailgated on a motorcycle, you know you've been tailgated," he says with a 30-day look in his eyes.



The Chicago team in the new World Football League will have a name that even the Macon Whoopees could envy. The Chicago Fire. As a matter of public service, we should warn you, too, that the player personnel director of the team will be one **Bill Byrne**.

◉ The giant slalom, always an Alpine event, has gone vulpine. When **Fabienne Serrat** of France (*center*), **Lise-Marie Morerod** of Switzerland (*right*) and **Rosi Mittermaier** of Germany finished 1-2-3 in the World Cup championships at Badgastein, Austria, they received the usual gold, silver and bronze—but in fox furs. They are much warmer than medals and, admit it, pretty sly, too. Later they were gone—presumably by an order of ski officials.

George Hamid, owner of the Trenton Speedway, has taken careful notice of two results of the fuel shortage. First, a lot of people have been questioning whether automobile racing should continue when they are having difficulty finding fuel to drive to work. Second, a professor at the University of Oklahoma, **Walter Ewbank**, has developed a catalyst that permits water to be mixed with gasoline, resulting in 15% better gas mileage and a reduction in noxious emissions. With specially designed carburetors, he also hopes for 50% greater efficiency. No dummy, Hamid has invited Ewbank to test his agent at the speedway. If the catalyst performs, Hamid would like to stage some races for the branch-water blasters in April, when there should be no shortage of good clean water, at least if Hamid sets out rain barrels.

Beginning with a tip on the horses—specifically, that an Air Force commissary was stocking horse feed—**Senator William Proxmire** pitchforked up this shock of oats: Colonel **Gerald McKay**, commander of Moron Air Force Base in Spain, last summer ordered 20,000 pounds of horse feed flown in from Ethiopia. The base commissary stored the feed and hauled it 10 miles, as needed, to the stable where the colonel kept his horse. It appears that he was flying his fodder through a loophole allowing the Air Force to ship and store "pet food." Regulations have now been changed to limit feeding to household pets.

Penny Tweedy, owner of Secretariat, was at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas for the unveiling of its plush new Secretariat Suite. The 4,000-square-foot accommodation features two parlors, four bars, a game room, an 18-by-35-foot pool, a sauna and, uh, four separate bedrooms. A bargain for only $500 per night. "It's class and elegance," said Mrs. Tweedy, "just like Secretariat."

A masked rider on a dark horse, with a scarlet and black cape flowing behind him, has been the mascot of Texas Tech football for 20 years—and has always been male, until this year, that is. The new Red Raider on the black quarter horse will be **Anne Lynch**, 21, daughter of a Dell City, Texas rancher. Next it will be Joan Harvard in a Puritan suit before the Yale game.



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL / *Barry McDermott*

Blooming cactus flowers

Arizona was long given up for dead, but a transfusion of stimulating young talent brought in from afar has hearts all aflutter in Tucson

There is a fresh attraction springing up in Arizona and it has one old retirement community throwing away those shuffleboard sticks. Out in Sun Heaven the University of Arizona basketball team has replaced the oxygen tent as a life-support system, its frenetic behavior opening up rusted arteries and clearing the cobwebs from brains addled by too much Bingo. Tucson, in short, has another Cactus Flower and the town loves it.

The enthusiasm gushes for a team that uses as many aliases as can be found on a post-office bulletin board and employs a coltish, exuberant style. Fans leave a game feeling as if they had just sipped from the Fountain of Youth. Arizona starts four sophomores and a freshman, scores baskets at a faster clip than some of the pros and plays laissez-faire defense. The Wildcats racked up 106 points once this year and still lost by 15.



BIG BIRD GOES INTO HIS COWENS THING

Last Saturday night they played arch-enemy Arizona State in Tucson. The game had the bitter overtones of two neighbors arguing over a property boundary and the surreal staging of a Grade B Western in which the gunfighters never have to reload. Arizona won the shootout 98–90, powered by the trigger of Bob (Big Bird) Elliott, a 6′10″ freshman with a future rivaling that of a Mideast sheik. The brawny Elliott scored 38 points and mocked his opponents with 25 rebounds.

The victory raised Arizona's season mark to 14-5 and put it back in firm contention for the Western Athletic Conference title. And it came before a standing-room crowd of close to 14,000 in the new McKale Memorial Center, a tribute not only to the team but to its coach, Fred Snowden, one of the first blacks hired to lead a major college team.

When he arrived at Arizona less than two years ago, Snowden inherited a squad that played before listless, sparse crowds in an ancient, gray edifice named Bear Down Gym. The team had won 16 games in two years. Snowden scoured the cities, recruited a passel of freshmen and junior-college transfers and won that many in his first season, going down to the final game before being eliminated from the conference race. "You better get a good look at them," Snowden said when people raved over his incubator babies, "because there are more on the way."

Tucson gradually became enchanted by this enthusiastic man. His flamboyance was suspect at first, but as the victories mounted suspicion was replaced by respect and approbation. He was named WAC Coach of the Year, Tucson's Man of the Year and became a celebrity. Now he has two television shows, appears in several commercials and generates almost enough outside income to match his $23,500 salary from the university. Last week, while he prepared for the Arizona State game, he also was wrestling with the problems of a new $50,000 house. "I always dreamed big dreams," he says.

For 10 years Snowden coached in the Detroit school system where his teams had an 189-7 total record, never losing more than two games in a single year. He took a pay cut to become an assistant coach at Michigan in 1968. Then came Arizona.

He is 37 years old, a small man with a pencil-thin mustache and the beginnings of a paunch. He was born in Brewton, Ala. to a sharecropping family and raised in Detroit, mostly in the inner city where he weathered the riots of 1967. He has a smooth, cool manner that has earned him the nickname The Fox. Says his white assistant, Jerry Holmes, "Fred could talk George Wallace's son into going to school here."

Snowden and Holmes make a personable recruiting tandem. They brought in eight freshmen this year, including highly sought prospects like Elliott, Herm (The Germ) Harris and Jerome Gladney. An example of their resourcefulness occurred on a trip to Indiana to recruit Forward Al Fleming last year. They were not enamored of their prospects of landing him, but when the high school senior introduced them to his mother, they were flabbergasted to learn her name was Anzona. Holmes jumped straight into the air and shouted, "God sent us!"

Most of his players, white and black, agree that Snowden is a master psychologist. He allows them to express their individuality while still insisting that they conform to a firm set of rules. "I don't think my blackness gives me any advantage," says Snowden. "I'm more of a people person anyway. I refuse to be a tyrant every day of the week. I think sometimes a coach has to be big enough to let a player throw a fancy pass." None of his players remembers hearing Snowden ever blow a whistle at practice.

He claims he does not think that defense is a dirty seven-letter word, but his players, mostly blacks with roots in the playground style of the inner cities, revel in his run-and-shoot approach. "Playing against a team like Texas-El Paso can be a very boring game," sniffs sophomore

Guard Eric Money. "I don't know how some schools get black ballplayers, the way they play the game. You can go to a lot of schools to play basketball. But you can go to only some schools to *play* basketball."

Money was in the vanguard of the players recruited by Snowden last year. A 6′ 2″ guard who has the jerky moves of a puppet on a string and feet so fast they hardly seem to touch the floor, he is the team leader, even going so far as to taunt his teammates in practice. "He can pass the ball," says Coniel (Popcorn) Norman. "He'll make any big fellow look good if the guy can just catch the ball." Of course, that can be a problem. Fleming, who is catching it enough to be hitting on 68% of his shots this year, has a scar on his face, a tattoo from one pass he did not handle. And Elliott says he goes home each day with at least one new bruise courtesy of Money's skill.

Against Arizona State the Wildcats had 15 turnovers in the first half but still managed a nine-point lead at intermission. In the second half, after Arizona State pulled into an early 56–56 tie, the team handled the ball more judiciously. Afterward, Money was asked why. He raised a forefinger and pointed to his head.

Arizona won the game despite an average performance from Coniel Norman, whose names go as well backward as forward but whose scoring style is straight ahead. "He's the best shooter in college basketball," says Holmes. Named the WAC's Most Valuable Player last year as a freshman, Norman was a high school teammate of Money's and once made 127 out of 128 practice free throws. And if Bobby Riggs ever cares to challenge him, he will let the old man shoot from the foul line while he fires away from half court. A television crew filmed him shooting 20-footers earlier this year. Norman swished 37 straight before the crew ran out of film.

People in the state had eagerly anticipated the Arizona-Arizona State game, a rivalry of long standing that evokes visceral emotions. In addition, the Sun Devils were coming to Tucson with a string of six straight wins over Arizona. Everywhere Snowden went he was greeted with, "Gonna win Saturday night?"

He and his team tended to play down the importance of the game. "Rivalry?" said Money. "I'm from Detroit." "It's only going to count as one loss or one victory," Snowden pattered, and to show he meant it he closed his practices and cloistered the team in the Plaza International Hotel on Friday night, a first-time-ever experience at home. He also ruminated over a newspaper column in which the author speculated that St. Peter would not let him into Heaven if he did not beat Arizona State.

Saturday morning the beleaguered coach showed up for breakfast at the hotel with the hollow-eyed look of Papillon, muttering about the workmen who had awakened him at 2:30 a.m. repairing a hotel elevator. He could not go back to sleep. "My wife said, 'What's wrong with you, tossing and turning all night? You never get like that.' I'll tell you, after we win tonight a lot of people are going to go berserk." Then he paused, remembering what he had been saying, and added, "It's just another game."

Next to him, his jittery assistant Holmes was eating his napkin. Obviously just another game.

When it was over and Arizona had scored 98 points against a team that played good defense and had been allowing only 72 a game, Fleming commented, "The coaches were so nervous they were like hens sitting on eggs."

The trepidation stemmed from a realization that a loss practically would eliminate Arizona from title consideration in the WAC. The Wildcats were the overwhelming preseason choice, the voters apparently ignoring the defection of John Irving, a big shot-blocking sophomore who succumbed to homesickness and transferred to Hofstra on Long Island. Arizona still was in good shape before Elliott and Fleming came down with the flu on a road trip to wintery Wyoming where the temperature went to 34° below zero with a wind-chill factor estimated at 90 below. The team lost three of its next six games, all in the conference.

Arizona's game plan against Arizona State was to shut off Ron Kennedy, the Sun Devils' massive center who is nicknamed The Rock. Snorted Elliott on Friday: "The Rock hasn't seen a fast-breaking center. That's what I am. I'm one of the new centers, a Dave Cowens type. I'm like a Motor Mouse."

Elliott grew up in Ann Arbor, Mich., the son of schoolteacher parents. He plays a variety of musical instruments, but after he sprouted eight inches in one year it was obvious he would be a real virtuoso on the basketball court. He hit a 35-foot shot at the buzzer to beat Kansas State, but that pales in comparison to his performance against Arizona State. In the second half alone he had as many rebounds as ASU's entire team. Kennedy, bothered by foul trouble and a twisted ankle, had only seven points and five rebounds. "I guess they won't be talking about The Rock too much now," said Elliott.

A few feet away Snowden was accepting congratulations. With only seconds remaining in the game and the win assured, he had swung his right arm in a relieved gesture of victory. Last year he lost twice to ASU. This year is the Year of the Fox, the people in Tucson have been saying. Mixing his animals, Snowden smiled and sat down. "I wonder," he said, "if those people here tonight still think it's unlucky if a black cat crosses their path?"

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST It was an out-and-in week for Austin Peay's James (Fly) Williams, last season's freshman sensation. First, in a game against Western Kentucky he took umbrage at the close guarding of the Hilltoppers and stood at midcourt with his arms and legs crossed while he argued with his coach, Lake Kelly. He was out the rest of the game—in the stands. After his teammates somehow won 98–97, he was suspended indefinitely by Kelly, but was definitely in the lineup five days later when the Governors faced LIU at Madison Square Garden. Playing before his New York neighbors, who had never been able to see him as a collegian, Williams scored 31 points and had 12 rebounds, but even with his limbs unscrambled he was unable to save the Governors from a surprising overtime 90–88 defeat by the Blackbirds.

A couple of other New Yorkers—Ron Haigler and John Engles—combined for 31 points and 35 rebounds as Penn swamped Columbia 73–36. The Quakers, who lead the Ivy League with a 6-0 mark, also beat Cornell 87–36 and slipped past Princeton 67–65 on a last-second 20-foot jumper by Bob Bigelow.

St. Joseph's clinched a spot in the Middle Atlantic Conference playoffs by tweaking La Salle 75–73. Doing much of the scoring for the Hawks was Ron Righter, a transfer from Duke and a non-Catholic who, as a theol-

continued

ogy major in a Jesuit college, says, "I'm a Christian open to any ideas." His favorite idea as a basketball player is the long shot. Bombing from the outside mostly, he had 18 points against La Salle and picked up another 17 in a 76–54 blasting of West Chester.

"I thought it was all over," said St. Bonaventure Coach Jimmy Satalin. So did Villanova, which held a 56–47 lead with 3:17 to go. But the Bonnies scored the last nine points during regulation time to tie the game. Both teams added just two points in the first overtime and then, with Steve Hocker getting eight points in the second extra period, the Bonnies prevailed 66–64. They also took another close one 64–61 over Detroit.

Temple, using a man-to-man defense, did not yield a basket in the last nine minutes and beat Drexel 55–43 to become the seventh college team ever to win 1,000 games. Pittsburgh, rolling on, whipped past Westminster 106–71, then took William and Mary 68–62. Kirk Bruce sank eight straight free throws in overtime as the Panthers won their 17th in a row.

Late steals led to a pair of the week's biggest upsets. Freshman Norm Nixon picked off an inbounds pass and Bernie O'Keefe sank a 20-footer at the buzzer as Duquesne nipped Providence 88–87 in overtime. And George Bucci, after intercepting a Canisius pass, scored the winning basket in the closing seconds to give Manhattan an 80–79 win.

1. PITTSBURGH (17-1) 2. PROVIDENCE (16-3)

SOUTH

Maryland tried just about everything short of exorcism to avoid being bedeviled again by North Carolina State's David Thompson. When the teams met 2½ weeks earlier, Thompson carried the Wolfpack to victory by pouring in 41 points. For the first half of their latest Atlantic Coast Conference match the Terrapins made Thompson look like a mere mortal, limiting him to eight points. But then David got busy. Although four different Terrapins took turns trying to stop him, he drove past the bigger ones and popped jumpers over the smaller ones. Thompson was at his best when, with nine minutes left and Maryland in front by eight points, he led a 17–4 Wolfpack spurt by sinking five straight field-goal attempts. When it was all over Thompson had 39 points and State an 86–80 win. Tom McMillen had 28 points for the Terrapins but could not keep the Wolfpack from winning their 23rd straight ACC game, five shy of Duke's record. Later in the week Thompson netted 23 points as State put down Virginia 105–93, and Maryland drubbed Duke 104–83 with John Lucas scoring 31 points and Len Elmore grabbing 20 rebounds.

North Carolina won twice, but had to exert considerable effort to hold off Wake Forest 77–67 and to overcome Clemson 61–60. Terrell Suit hit two outside jump shots in the final 64 seconds of regulation time and Jeff Reisinger dropped in six points in overtime to give Clemson a 63–58 victory over The Citadel.

Although Memphis State Coach Gene Bartow insists he is still "dedicated to the youth movement," he knows he could not have stopped New Mexico State 73–66 without senior Billy Buford. When two Tiger youngsters got into foul trouble trying to guard State's seven-foot Tree Grant, Buford was brought in. Bartow feared the worst. He got the best: Buford sank five of six shots, headed up an effective full-court press and treed Grant. So charged up was the seldom-used Buford that he collided full force with the goal support and had to leave the game—to a standing ovation. Explaining his fine play, he said he owed it all to his girl friend, who "wouldn't let me get my spirits down." It also helped that the Tigers made 21 of 25 foul shots, committed just 10 floor errors and got 26 points from freshman Dexter Reed and seven from sophomore Bill Cook. Cook played with a bad ankle and a double hernia that will be operated on at season's end. Two days later the Tigers labored to a 65–62 win over North Texas State.

Scintillating second-half shooting enabled Vanderbilt to virtually end Kentucky's Southeastern Conference title hopes 82–65. Leading the Commodores' 82% last-half marksmanship was Jan van Breda Kolff, who got 20 of his 22 points after intermission. Vanderbilt had to put on another late surge to overhaul Florida 58–52. The Gators, who led 40–34 at halftime before going into their stall, used slowdown tactics, passing the ball around in a semicircle and then to an open man under the basket for layups. But the Commodores came up with enough turnovers to take the lead before going into a stall of their own.

Tennessee also took its time en route to a 57–52 win against LSU, the Tigers' lowest score since 1965-66. "Tennessee controlled the tempo and we got lulled to sleep," admitted LSU Coach Dale Brown. Groggiest of the Tigers was Glenn Hansen, the SEC's top scorer in league games, who was hounded by the Volunteers' box and chaser and got only four points. Tennessee then beat Georgia 84–70, with John Snow scoring 30 points. In two easy outings Alabama tied Vanderbilt for first place in the SEC by defeating Florida 98–79 and Auburn 73–64.

"I was like shocked, man," said Jacksonville Center Butch Taylor following a 106–90 loss to Providence in which the Dolphins trailed by 29 points before the Friar subs took over. Said Providence Coach Dave Gavitt, "I think we confused them with our defenses. We had planned six for the game and used only four, but they became frustrated trying to figure them out."

South Carolina ran its Carolina Coliseum winning streak to 32 with an 85–60 victory over Niagara even though Coach Frank McGuire was not there to direct the action. He was hospitalized with an apparent bleeding ulcer.

"We want an NCAA at-large spot," said Coach John Bates after his Maryland-Eastern Shore team had downed North Carolina Central 98–92 and North Carolina A&T 88–82. That put the Hawks at 19-0, the university division's only unbeaten team.

1. N.C. ST. (18-1) 2. N. CAROLINA (18-2)

MIDWEST

Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps was living it up again, fully recovered from the triumph and tragedy of UCLA. Living it down was Al McGuire, coach of Marquette, who blew a fuse when he was told—by Phelps and an official—that a time-out that ruined his team's momentum against the Irish had been called by TV. It was, in fact, Phelps who had tried to call time-out, but in a round of one-upmanship he was not about to admit it to McGuire. While McGuire raged, John Shumate fired in 27 points and led ND to a 69–63 victory. Notre Dame took its two other home games from DePaul 101–72 and Davidson 95–84. Phelps had one bad scare when freshman Adrian Dantley collapsed on the bench after scoring 23 points against DePaul. But even that turned out all right: the cause was nothing worse than dehydration brought on by the diet to which Dantley had subjected himself.

"Flaky" is the term Michigan State Coach Gus Ganakas uses to describe his team of devout freelancers who run what he calls his "scramble attack." Whatever the name of their game, the Spartans suddenly forced themselves into the Big Ten race with a 6-2 record. After topping Illinois 93–82, they gave Purdue its first conference loss 76–74. Lindsay Hairston (26 points and 23 rebounds) and Mike Robinson (25 points) plagued Purdue to the very end, Hairston blocking Purdue's last shot and Robinson sinking the winning jumper with four seconds left. The Boilermakers earlier had won their sixth straight Big Ten game by downing Ohio State 67–65.

Joining Purdue on the top rung was Michigan, which got 47 points from Campy Russell in knocking off Wisconsin 83–75 and Illinois 101–77. Defending titlist Indiana was 5-1 after routing Iowa 85–50 in a game during which the Hoosiers outshot the Hawkeyes 28–0 over one span late in the first half and early in the second.

There even was joy in Minnesota, which won its first two conference games of the season by clipping Northwestern 57–54 and Wisconsin 64–63.

Kansas solidified its position atop the Big Eight by beating Missouri 80–67 as Rick Suttle scored 15 of the Jayhawks' last 26

continued



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points. Missouri then lost to Oklahoma 98–92 when the Sooners' Alvan Adams popped in 30 points.

Louisville beat three Missouri Valley opponents—West Texas State 99-73, North Texas State 97–81 and Drake 75–73.

Marquette took care of DePaul 70–57, and Creighton jumped on Duquesne 67–61. Before playing Cincinnati, a Dayton cheerleader urged the home crowd, "Make this place a snakepit. We don't want Cincinnati to think, let alone play basketball." And with 13,000 screaming fans doing their best, the Flyers won 91–79.

1. NOTRE DAME (15-1) 2. MARQUETTE (17-2)

WEST "We played almost perfectly, but fatigue finally took us down." So said a weary and depressed Bob Boyd, the USC coach, after losing to UCLA 65–54. His Trojans had stuck admirably to their game plan—taking selective shots, breaking even on the boards and setting the game's tempo—but were wiped out by a Bruin blitz. UCLA's splurge came early in the second half with USC ahead 46–40. During the next 4½ minutes 14 points were scored, but they all belonged to the Bruins. UCLA Coach John Wooden was gracious, as always, in victory. "They beat us to the punch in every way possible, especially in the first half," he said.

Oregon, which shares the Pacific Eight lead with UCLA at 5-0, lost to Oregon State 92–79 in a game that did not count in conference standings. But this week the Ducks take on USC and UCLA on successive days.

Minutes after Long Beach State's 98–89 win over Oral Roberts, Titan Coach Ken Trickey announced his resignation effective at the end of the season because of "basic differences in philosophy and administration" with Evangelist Oral Roberts.

At Cal State-Los Angeles the rule is that if a player misses practice for *any* reason he cannot play the next game. But rules are made to be bent as this one was when Coach Bob Miller learned what had happened to Alfonso Brigham. Seems that Brigham, the student-body president, was locked in his office by militants during a campus dispute right at the time he should have been working out. Given a reprieve by Miller, Brigham scored 28 points in a 78–69 win over San Jose State.

Texas Tech remained in front in the Southwest Conference, bopping Rice 75–67 and TCU 82–64. Still one game back was Texas, also a two-time winner—98–90 over Texas A&M and 96–81 over Arkansas. For the third and fourth games in a row Larry Robinson of the Longhorns had 30 or more points, getting 30 against the Aggies and 38 against the Razorbacks.

1. UCLA (16-1) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (16-2)

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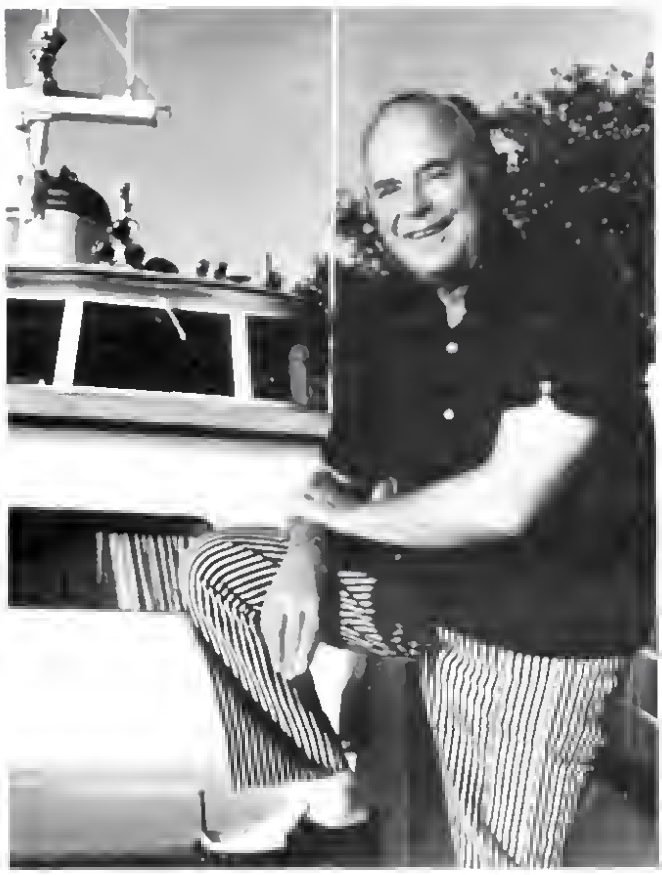
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PADRES BUYER RAY KROC SMILES LIKE A WINNER IN FORT LAUDERDALE

It must inevitably be said of Ray A. Kroc that even though he is the world's foremost purveyor of the product, he will not know what hamburger is really like until he sees his baseball team, the San Diego Padres, take the field.

Kroc, who is chairman of the board of the McDonald's restaurant chain, had his purchase of the Padres approved by a grateful National League last week, thereby terminating a wearying series of nontransactions involving this fragile franchise. Unlike one group of prospective buyers, Kroc plans to keep the team in San Diego, sparing the league legal warfare with the city. Unlike a second group, headed by Mrs. Marjorie Lindheimer Everett, he does not have friends in high places who have skirmished with the law. And unlike the team's previous proprietor, C. Arnholt Smith, Kroc has not a financial worry in the world. He is worth roughly $500 million, his end of the sale of 13 billion hamburgers; he owns a ranch in California and a Versailles palace in Fort Lauderdale; he cruises on a $600,000 yacht and he drives a $45,000 Rolls-Royce. And now he owns a baseball team that annually finishes dead last in its league—both in performance and attendance.

As happy as his fellow club owners are to welcome him aboard, one wonders why he would buy a ship that is half submerged. What does a man who has everything, including all the Big Macs in creation, want with a sickly baseball franchise?

Perhaps it is his old philanthropic urge acting up again. Kroc is one of the nation's biggest givers. On the occasion of his 70th birthday, Oct. 5, 1972, he gave $7.5 million to charity and another $9 million in stock to McDonald's employees, who quickly grasped the meaning of the lyrics to the company theme song, "You deserve a break today. . . ." When he decided McDonald's needed a new airplane, he bought it himself for $4.5 million and leased it to the company for a dollar a year. He also bought a company limousine for himself out of his own pocket, chuckling good-humoredly afterward, "I'm just waiting for somebody to get up in a stockholders' meeting and complain about my riding around in a limousine." The Padres could certainly use some of this largesse, but Kroc insists his buying of the team was not an act of misguided charity.

"I just wanted a hobby," he protested from poolside in Fort Lauderdale the day he learned his purchase had been approved. "It's an extravagant hobby, for sure. I could make more money out of one hamburger stand than I can out of baseball. But I love baseball and I have no interest in money. Never in all my life have I sought money, and yet I've never been poor. I come from middle-class people of Bohemian stock who were hard-working and frugal. I started working in high school—dropped out, in fact, in my second year—and I've never stopped. The only enjoyment I get out of making money is from the knowledge that people always say, 'If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?' Well, I'm rich, so I guess you could say I'm smart. I'm in baseball so I can have fun. Money doesn't have anything to do with it."

That's all very easy for him to say. A man lounging in 80° sunlight before a swimming pool outside an elegant house, sipping a cool vodka and tonic (delivered by a man he insists is not a butler) and watching his friends and neighbors sail by on the Intracoastal Waterway in *their* $600,000 yachts can well afford to pooh-pooh the acquisitive instinct. But Kroc has worked long and hard to acquire more than he needs.

He has the short, wiry physique one expects of a self-made man. His silver hair is touched with threads of gold and he looks years younger than 71. He is frank and chatty, although squinting blue eyes betray a certain wariness with strangers. Work and play and a pretty wife many years younger have kept him thinking more like the kid who eats hamburgers than the plutocrat who sells them. He can speak sharply to underlings—"I can handle him," says the nonbutler, Frank Moser—but he has an almost childish instinct for fun.

"Money is an automatic thing with me," he said, adjusting his chair. "It's like turning on a light switch. I take it for granted. What do I need it for? I've never desired a harem—anyway, I'm too old for one now. I've never wanted to own a racehorse or even a polo pony. What are you gonna do with money? I eat one steak at a time and I buy my clothes off the rack—can't stand custom-made clothes. All money represents to me is pride of accomplishment."

But my how it does flow under those McDonald's golden arches—at the rate now of a billion dollars a year. The 2,700 "stores," as Kroc calls them, serve more meals than the United States Army and, with an expanding operation abroad, foreign epicures are today devouring their portions of Eggs McMuffin and Big Macs.

For a man who never "sought" money, Kroc has contrived to find his share on the long road upward from his early days in Chicago, where he sold paper cups by day and played piano for a radio station by night. He did better selling cups, rising eventually to become Midwest sales manager for the Lily-Tulip company. He quit that job in 1937 and obtained the exclusive sales rights to the Prince Castle Multimixer, a contraption that could stir as many as six milk shakes at once. He prospered as a Multimixer man over the next few years. Then in 1954 he was startled to notice he'd received a total of eight orders for his devices from the McDonald brothers, Richard and Maurice, of San Bernardino, Calif. Curious as to what kind of business the McDonalds must be doing to require eight Multimixers, Kroc hurried west to investigate. He found a small drive-in with two golden arches outside and hundreds of people inside clamoring for hamburgers and milk shakes. Duly

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impressed, Kroc persuaded the brothers to let him franchise their operation nationwide. Finally, in 1961, he borrowed extensively and bought the McDonalds out for $2.7 million, obtaining rights both to the name and the arches.

"I needed that name," he explained later. "What are you going to do with a name like Kroc? You can't call your stores 'Krocs' or even 'Half Krocs.'"

The rest is gastronomic history. McDonald's has become more of an institution than a restaurant chain and much of the credit for this advance belongs to Kroc and his passion for meticulousness. Every licensed McDonald's operator is required to matriculate at Kroc's Hamburger University in Elk Grove Village, Ill., there to study not only the art of hamburger cooking but also "Quality, Service and Cleanliness," the McDonald's "QSC" credo. Degrees are awarded in Hamburgerology (with a minor in French Fries), and the graduates are dispatched forthwith to the stores.

But even after they are set up in business, the franchise operators are subject to the scrutiny of company officials, including, on occasion, the chairman of the board himself. The Padres may soon find themselves subjected to similar harassment. Kroc insists that his hamburger salesmen be neatly turned out at all times, with hair and fingernails trimmed short. "There is an *esprit de corps* at McDonald's that is a religion," he says spiritedly. "I don't know that much about ballplayers except that they have contracts. McDonald's people never have contracts."

The fans at least may be assured of a spotless ball park. "I like the San Diego park," Kroc says. "It is beautiful, modern and very clean. Some of these older parks are in neighborhoods out near the vinegar works. I tell you, if I had owned the Cubs, I'd have bought property in that neighborhood and fixed it up. I don't care how good the ball park looks. If the neighborhood looks bad, the park does, too. It's like having a gorgeous painting, then putting it in a frame picked out of the garbage bin."

There is a note of wistfulness to this discourse on urban renewal, for if Kroc had had the choice, the Cubs would be his team, not the Padres. He has been a Cub fan since Tinker to Evers to Chance and has long wanted to buy the team. Even after he had heard of the availability of the San Diego franchise, he decided to make one final inquiry about the Cubs.

"I got hold of George Halas, who is a good friend of P. K. Wrigley, and I told him I'd rather have the Cubs if there was any chance to get them. He said, 'No chance,' so I went ahead with the San Diego deal." Kroc's obvious willingness to part with his money might someday buy the Padres' way out of the cellar. In the meantime, he will concentrate on promoting a team that has been, at best, only languidly received by the citizens of San Diego. He has retained Buzzie Bavasi as president and will give him broad responsibilities. "I'm not going to be the type of owner who will tell the manager when to pull the pitcher. I'm no Charlie Finley. And I'm not going to run a circus, although I do think there's too much old-fogeyism in baseball."

McDonald's will not be the Padres' concessionaire. "That," says Kroc, in the appropriate idiom, "is a whole new ballgame." But he does anticipate using his company in some promotions. "For instance, we could have a McDonald's Night at the ball park when each kid accompanied by a grownup could get a free Big Mac at one of our stores near the stadium."

He will resist the temptation, he says, to label his new first baseman, Willie McCovey, "Big Mac," although the former San Francisco Giant is a big man who is popularly known as "Mac." "No," says Kroc, "that would be demeaning."

The new owner is fairly bustling with plans for his new toy—earlier starting times, special events for children, park beautification—and in the interest of getting closer to it, he has asked Bavasi to find him a 100-foot yacht that he can dock in the harbor and use as a temporary residence. The yacht, he says, could also be employed to transport his players on pleasure cruises.

"I might pick five or six who have played well and take them and their wives out for a day. Or maybe I'll fly them up to the ranch or even over to Vegas for the day. It will be kind of motivation for the players. Yes, that's what we can do: we can have four, five, maybe half-a-dozen Players of the Month."

Four, five, half-a-dozen Padres? It is plain the new owner has not seen his team play lately. But then again, there was a time when he did not know all that much about hamburgers. And look where they have gotten him. END

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Wall Street's thundering herd is tame in comparison with the outlaw, ornery bulls and broncs that crisscross America for Stock Contractor Tommy Steiner, kicking up heels and all kinds of hell on the rodeo circuit **by Giles Tippette**

Riding high on a bull market



CONTINUED



Over in a small catch pen near the bucking chutes, bull No. 73 stood calmly, his head lowered, his jaw working on a cud. He was an old bull in his sixth season of rodeo, and he stood quietly, his only movement the slow switching of his tail and the oscillation of his jaw. The rodeo arena was empty and still, and the old bull instinctively knew that he wouldn't be wanted for several hours. It was not so with a pen of young bulls just over from No. 73. They milled about restlessly, shoving each other, working their horns against a handy side, pawing the earth. They were rookies just brought up from Tommy Steiner's ranch outside of Austin, Texas. Tommy Steiner is a rodeo stock contractor and No. 73, like all the other animals to be used at this rodeo in Waco, belonged to him.

No. 73 was a brindle Brahma, weighing almost 1,600 pounds. There were bulges and ripples of muscle under his sheen smooth coat. He appeared to be what he was, a well-conditioned athlete showing the effects of proper care and treatment. But there was almost a prehistoric cast to his huge face and the heavy blunt horns that curved sharply upward from each side of his massive head. With his eyes half closed he looked gentle and docile, but in a matter of hours he would be going one-on-one with the cowboy who had drawn him in the bull riding that night. Then, out there in the arena, he wouldn't seem so gentle. He would seem like what he was—big-time professional rodeo stock.

Outside the arena Tommy Steiner and his chute boss, John Farris, were walking down a long line of holding pens. Some of the pens held more bulls, but others contained bucking horses, both saddle broncs and bareback horses. Steiner was worrying about the mud in the pens. "Look at that stuff, John," he said. "That's no good." The mud was six inches deep and the stock was splashed and daubed with it. Steiner was worrying that standing around in the muck for long periods of time would drain the strength out of his animals, wear them down, like walking through water would a man. "We've got to get them out of this," he told Farris. "At least the ones that will be up tomorrow night. Give them 24 hours to rest."

For this rodeo, Steiner had shipped in 80 bulls, 40 saddle broncs, 40 bareback horses and a couple of hundred dogging steers and roping calves. The bulls were a problem because so many cowboys had entered the bull riding. Normally he only had to have 12 ready each night. But because of the heavy load of entrants, he was going to have to do some juggling. He never liked to buck any of his stock with less than three days' rest. Tonight, however, he would have to contest 45 bulls, forcing him to utilize some relatively inexperienced stock he would not ordinarily put in a big-time rodeo such as Waco. This was of particular concern to Steiner because, though he is one of the top stock contractors in the country, he is best known for his fine string of bucking bulls—just like a pro football team might be known for excellent linebackers or receivers. His reputation wasn't on the line at every performance, but he did not like to put unproven stock in the arena. You never could tell what a green animal might do.

"I guess you might consider me and my stock the visiting team," he said. "That's about the way it feels, anyway. We are always on the road, always playing a strange arena. And the crowd is always pulling for the cowboys—just like in Dallas." He looked around at the muddy holding pens. "We even get the visitors' dressing room."

Bucking stock is fed a special high protein diet, trailered and hauled with care from show to show and given the amounts of rest and exercise that an athlete deserves. A bull, for instance, is fed about 20 pounds of supplemented grain a day, a carefully prepared formula that varies depending upon the season and the schedule the bull is working. Steiner finds that some of his stock bucks best with three days rest; other animals need four. "Of course you keep your stock in shape," he said. "In the first place bucking stock costs a lot of money. I guess I got upward of $300,000 invested in it. But mainly you keep them at their best because bucking is hard, demanding work. You don't want the cowboys riding everything you throw at them."

No one really knows what makes a bull or bronc buck and buck consistently and dependably. It is not necessarily just an outlaw streak in an animal, because some bucking stock is as gentle and handles as nicely as you could want—except for the eight or 10 seconds that the contest with the cowboy lasts. They will stand quietly in the bucking chute, permit the cowboy to get down on them with no trouble, suffer the rigging and flank strap to be cinched, then explode as the chute gate opens, buck hard until the whistle blows, and then settle back to the docility of a milk cow.

Nor is this quality necessarily hereditary, as speed is in racehorses. Occasionally a bucking stallion will produce a short line of offspring that can make it in rodeo, but this is a rare occurrence. Steiner says, "There is no reason for it to be hereditary, any more than a guy is able to pitch a baseball because his father could. I don't know what it is myself. I only know when I find a good bull he's worth plenty of money to me."

Steiner finds his stock in a variety of ways. One method is the occasional bucking stock sales that are held around the country. These, however, operate like the waiver system used in professional football. No team is offering its best players and if any quality is to be found it is in unrecognized talent that a keen eye detects. "If a man can find one good bull or bronc at one of those sales he's done a day's work," Steiner says. "You know nobody is bringing their best stock, despite the lies they tell. You've got to look for something nobody else sees. You notice a bronc that ought to buck but doesn't for some reason. Maybe he has never been put in the chute right, or maybe he needs the flank girth a little forward. Some little something."

Steiner scouts the small amateur and independent rodeos that are held across the country almost any weekend night. "I don't get to as many of these as I should, but I've got people on the lookout. Friends of mine. Or a producer of one of these shows might bring me something. Of course, he'll have a real big idea about what the animal's worth."

A good, average bull, the kind that will buck for six or seven years and give a sound account of himself every time out of the chute, is worth around $2,000. Some go much higher, but these are the exceptions, just as an O.J. Simpson is the



exception. Broncs are cheaper, though a good one will still cost at least $1,000 and a run-of-the-mill bucker around $600. The most Steiner has ever paid for a bronc was $4,500, and he bought that animal sight unseen. Jim Shoulders, who was the world champion cowboy five times, had told Steiner about the bronc. "An Indian over in Oklahoma owned him," Steiner recalls. "Had been using him in jackpot buckdowns they were holding locally. Shoulders said he was the best bucking horse he had ever seen, and that is a pretty good recommendation. I got the Indian on the phone and made him an offer of $1,000 and he took it. But then he called back an hour later and said he couldn't sell that cheap. Said he had to have $2,000. I said all right. Next day, just as we were hooking up a trailer to send after him, this Indian calls again and says he's got to have $3,000. I said all right, but I went to hurrying those boys I was sending. I wanted to get them going before that Indian could call back. But he beat me to it. Wasn't an hour and he was on the phone and said he had to have $5,000. That was a lot of money. I told the Indian to wait a minute and called Shoulders and he said the horse was cheap at the price. So I called back and offered $4,500, and the guy took it and I just sent the trailer on the way and left the phone off the hook. I tell you, when I finally saw that bronc I thought, 'My God, what have I done!' He was awful little. Didn't look like much. But we got him in shape and started him on the major circuit right away and he turned out good. Got voted to the National Finals Rodeo seven times and was the bucking horse of the year two times."

Occasionally some owner will bring Steiner a good blooded horse that has gone sour or spoiled. "Those generally don't turn out well," he says. "They suddenly discover they can buck and they'll give whoever owns them hell for a while. Then I'll buy the horse, or some other contractor, and put them to work in the rodeo. But they don't last long. Might buck one season. Some of them go back to being good riding or using stock. Being rodeoed don't hurt them."

Steiner has had a few notable examples of this, but there is one significant trade that he would like to forget. "I'll tell you what kind of horse trader I am," he says ruefully. "I bought a registered paint horse off an old boy in Shreveport. He was a good-looking pony, but he'd gone bad and wanted to buck. We tried him after the show one night and he done pretty good. I gave the old boy $400 for him. Well, we kept that pony in the string one season. He was all right at first, but he got to letting down little by little. Beginning of next season he wasn't doing nothing so I took him out of the string and shipped him to the ranch. Thought we might make a riding horse out of him. I pretty well forgot about him. Then one night I called and Dad said he'd sold the paint for $600. Well, I felt pretty good about that. Got rid of a bronc wasn't doing me any good and made a little profit. But I kept hearing about that pony and running into him. Guy that bought him started taking him around to horse shows and fairs and stock shows. Next I heard he'd gone up to Fort Worth and won reserve champion in his class. Then he took him to Houston and won Grand Champion. Then I hear that the guy had sold him for $5,000. The next thing I pick up a trade paper and there's that paint. Guess who had him? The Kansas City Chiefs football team. That's the horse they ride around when they score a touchdown. War Paint they call him, or something. A horse right out of my bucking string."

Steiner keeps a chart on each of his

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bucking animals, noting their performance every time out of the chute. He grades them 1 to 3, with 1 being tops. He was worried at Waco that he was not going to get maximum performances out of his stock. Many of his broncs had just finished performing in a rodeo at Pine Bluff, Ark. and had been trailered in without proper rest. He also was having to use some relatively new broncs because of the heavy demands on his stock at the end of the season. As a consequence it would be the first time in an indoor arena for a number of them and he wasn't sure how they would react. "Broncs are the most temperamental," he said, meaning saddle broncs—horses that are bucked under a saddle. Bareback horses are not called broncs—simply bareback horses. "You get some of them in a strange place and they will sull up and won't do anything," he said.

There is no set farm system for a bucking animal. Some of them break right in at major rodeos. Generally, however, an animal needs age and considerable experience. A bull usually develops around four; a horse needs to be six or seven. Most of them do not have their full strength before then, nor a consistency of temperament that will ensure a dependable performance. They need to learn about chutes and the noise and routines of a rodeo. To season his animals, Steiner sometimes contests them in the smaller rodeos he produces. Occasionally he will lease out a few animals to independent producers or else season them in the rodeo schools operated by some of the better cowboys. To handle a season, Steiner needs at least 60 major-league bulls and a hundred bucking horses of equivalent quality.

By the time the rodeo was under way at Waco it was obvious that Steiner's fears were being realized. The bareback riding was the first event, and the horses were slow out of the chutes and went at the bucking like they were working for low wages. Steiner stood just in front of the chutes and watched, a frown on his face. Halfway through the event not a single cowboy had been bucked down. But that was not the worst of it. The judges had already awarded three cowboys rerides because their mounts had not bucked hard enough.

A mitigating factor was the loose dirt in the arena. As a good bucking horse comes out of the chute in a jumping charge, his first important move is to plant his front feet and turn back either to the right or left, bucking as he does. If he does not get this first move in, he allows the cowboy to take a deep seat and the rider becomes hard to dislodge after that. But the horses, as they came slamming into the arena, were slipping in the shifting dirt. Some of them never quite regained their balance before the whistle would blow. For the new horses it was an excuse, one that went along with the mud in the holding pens and the strangeness of bucking under a roof.

An even better excuse was that Waco was the last rodeo of the season and the stock was tired. It had been rodeoing for 10 straight months, and the miles

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and physical attrition were beginning to show. When the bareback riding was over not a single cowboy had been bucked down. The only bright spot had been a rookie horse, False River, that Steiner was trying. He was a big rawboned bay weighing 1,200 pounds. Already he had shown promise and tonight he had really fired out, ignoring, like the winner he looked to be, all the adverse conditions. He was the only bareback horse that Steiner had graded 1.

While the calf roping was going on, Steiner stood behind the chutes, smoking a cigarette. A man came up to him. "Would you buy a mare?" he asked, without introduction.

"I don't know. How old is she?"

"Tell you the truth I've never been able to mouth her But she'd be an honest six. I'm sure of that."

"Will she buck?"

"I've never had a saddle on her, but she acts like she wants to. I'm about half scared of her."

"How much you asking?"

"Would you give two hundred? If she bucks like you want? If she don't, you don't want her."

"I'd give two hundred. When you want to try her?"

"How about tomorrow?"

"After the show."

"I'll bring her in."

It had happened a thousand times before and Steiner was not hopeful. Very seldom did he get any worth out of such casual encounters.

The stock boys were moving the bulls up to the pen directly behind the chutes. They had no trouble with the herd of old bulls that contained No. 73, but the young bulls were still wild and excited. As they were driven along they showed how sweated up they had become and slobber ran down in long strings from their muzzles. The stock boys did not put them in with the experienced bulls, for one of the young ones might accidentally get a horn into an old warrior and then there would be trouble. Steiner watched them being driven. "Look at that," he said in disgust. "Been fidgeting all day. Won't have a thing left by this evening when they come out."

The National Finals are something like the World Series or the Super Bowl. They are held each year at Oklahoma City and the top 15 money-winning cowboys in each event are eligible to compete. The contestants vote on the stock that is to be used. It is a high honor for a contractor to have a horse or bull voted to the finals. Through the years Steiner has had more stock at the finals than any other contractor and this year 15 of his athletes had been selected. In the bull riding that evening he had six veteran bulls coming out. Four of these, including No. 73, had been voted to the finals.

Steiner's stock did better in the saddle-bronc riding as the first three cowboys went spinning into the dirt. Then Red Pepper, one of his top horses, came out with a young cowboy, Sammy Groves, up. Groves had his spurs in the bronc's shoulders as they broke by the judges. Red Pepper set up on the first

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jump, cut left, then cut right and went into a free-wheeling buck. But Groves had a good seat and, holding the long bucking rein high in his left hand, had settled back and was raking the horse rhythmically with his spurs. The contest ended with the whistle and the judges scored the ride a 69. It was a good score and, though the cowboy could be said to have won, Steiner was pleased because the crowd liked the show.

The rodeo moved along—the barrel racing, the trick riding, the steer dogging—and then Tom Hadley, the announcer, was saying: "Now rodeo fans, we come to that part of the evening you've been looking forward to. Bull riding, by far the most popular event because no other sports activity in or out of rodeo can equal it for danger and for action. . . "

Down below they were crowding the huge bulls into the chutes. No. 73 went into Chute No. 4. He had drawn Hazy West, a good bull rider.

While the other bulls performed, No. 73 stood looking bored, his huge ears, big as quart jars, flopping down over the sides of his head. West climbed on the chute and gingerly worked his bull rope around No. 73's huge chest. Behind, a man was slipping the girth around the bull's flanks. When the gate opened this girth would be pulled tight to get the bull started. It wouldn't make him buck any harder, just make him fire out. In the case of No. 73 this was all unnecessary. John Farris, walking down the line of chutes, cautioned the flankman to go easy. "He don't really need it," he said. "Just hang it on him for show."

No. 73 was the 10th bull out of the chute. The score was bulls 8, cowboys 1. Only Sammy Montgomery had stayed up, and he had drawn one of the young bulls who had put on a showy display of high leaps but had not been hard to ride.

As West eased himself down on the broad back, the old bull still didn't show much emotion, other than to snuffle and snort, the huge blasts of air stirring the dust in the bottom of the chute. Inside the arena John Farris tapped the gate of Chute No. 4 with his cattle prod and asked, "Ready here?"

"Yeah," West said lowly. He worked his legs tighter around 73's huge sides. A helper, leaning down, pulled his bull rope. West quickly took the end, made two wraps around his hand and tucked the free end up under his leg, out of the way. Then he tugged at his hat. Farris was watching him expectantly. "All right," the cowboy said in a tight voice, "lemme have him."

As if he knew what they were saying, No. 73 began to tense up. His head started a swing to the right. As it got to the apex of that swing the chute gate came rattling open. No. 73's head turned left and seemed to be following the flare of the gate. As he saw daylight he bunched, and exploded into the arena with a high, twisting leap. Even before his front feet landed, his hindquarters were coming around in a switchback and he followed that by letting his huge shoulders bunch and break to the right. With that move West lost his right spur. He began to tilt to the left as the bull began a bucking, wrenching spin right in front of the chutes. The bull spun twice, three times to the right then threw his whole weight on his massive forelegs, whipped his hindquarters around and started to the left. As he did West lost his other spur hold and came tumbling down the side. But before he could hit the ground, 73 had switched back to the right. The move flung the cowboy up and out. He hit the ground and lay a moment, stunned. One of the clowns had run over to protect him, but it was not necessary. With the weight gone 73 knew he had won and immediately stopped bucking. Now he was trotting to the corner of the arena, looking for the exit gate. It swung open and he went through, his head up, his huge horns right in the eyes of the front-row spectators. He passed down a long fence ramp, turned in through a gate a stock boy had opened, and settled into a corner of a holding pen, his night's work done.

Steiner and his wife Beverly sat late that evening over steak and eggs, talking about how the string had done. The life of a stock contractor is a traveling one, and it helps if your wife can come along and understand. "I thought we did all right," Steiner said. "Some of those young bulls did better than I expected. We might get four or five good ones out of that bunch.

"Not enough people really understand the contest that is going on out there between the animal and the cowboy. If they did, they would appreciate rodeo much better. But maybe that's rodeo's fault. Maybe we ought to figure out a way to make the action more obvious, like the yards gained in a football game. Because I tell you, once you understand and can appreciate, it is the best sport in the world."

Steiner flew out the next day on a hurried trip to a bucking-bull and horse sale in Ardmore, Okla. He really did not have much hope of finding anything he could use, but he was sending 12 bulls up himself and Harry Vold would be there, too. Vold is the other large contractor in the sport and is known for his string of bucking horses. He was sending 32 head to the auction.

A bucking sale is for stock contractors. It is not a rodeo. However, in order to attract enough cowboys to get the stock mounted and performing, the auction company offers some prize money and each ride is judged.

Most of the contractors there would be small-timers who had come to fill out their strings with the castoffs of the bigger outfits. In a few cases ranches that attempted to breed bucking stock had sent in representative herds of absolutely green animals.

Steiner and Vold instinctively sought each other out. Someone handed them a roster of the stock to be auctioned. It contained the brand numbers and descriptions of at least 50 head. "Goodness," Steiner said, looking at it, "you suppose there's a cull left in the whole country?"

Vold, who talks with a Far West accent and puts on quite a number of rodeos in Canada, said dryly, "Now that's the wrong kind of talk. I've got 32 head in there myself. Champions every one of them."

The sale was being held in a large covered arena with a dirt floor packed hard as concrete. There were perhaps 150 contractors on hand and some 50 cowboys to do the riding. Of course, none of the cowboys were top professionals.

Soon Vold and Steiner got down to business. Each was in the market for what the other had to sell, but each respected the level of quality the other required. They would not be so honest with others, but they knew there was no point in trying to fool each other. Steiner said, "I haven't got a thing, Harry. Couple of the bulls I brought aren't so bad to buck, but they're not showy. The cowboys don't like them and neither do the crowds. You don't want them."

Vold replied, "I got one bronc out of the whole bunch—Blue Chip, about seven years old." Vold looked over toward

continued

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the crowd of riders standing in front of the chutes. "Of course I don't know if you'll be able to tell anything with that bunch of Saturday-night cowboys bucking off first jump out of the chute."

"I'll watch for him," Steiner said.

The auction got under way. A bull would be bucked out and then allowed to run loose in the arena while the auctioneer, on a high platform behind the chutes, took bids from the crowd. The word he used most often was "prospect." He'd say, "Now any of you producers that are trying to build yourself a good string of bulls, here's a fine young prospect to add. He's an honest 4-year-old been bucked only three times and the owner guarantees this bull will give you many years of dependable performance. A good prospect both as a bucking bull and a crowd-pleasing fighting bull." Or, "A fine young prospect that will be a winner for you. Owner has just got a few more bulls than he needs so he's willing to sacrifice a young prospect like this one. This bull turns back to his left and spins both to his left and his right."

Steiner watched the bidding. Occasionally he would comment to John Farris about a performance. One bull came out, bucked his cowboy off early and then charged the clowns. To all appearances he was a good-looking prospect and the bidding was spirited. But Steiner said, "That bull's got quitting on his mind. He's been bucking off amateur cowboys at some little Saturday night rodeo and he thinks he's pretty tough. He has gotten used to bucking for only about four seconds and that would be a hard habit to break when you got him in against some good cowboys."

A producer who was starting a rodeo string in Illinois bought the bull for $1,900. Steiner just shook his head. The man had already bought several head and Steiner thought he had paid too much each time. "Well," he said, "I expect that's the way it goes, though. Sort of like an expansion team. You got to pay more than the talent's worth in order to get into the game."

Later they bucked out Vold's string of broncs. Steiner waited for Blue Chip, watched the animal perform and then bought him for $620. "He's not a bad-looking bronc," he said. "And he ought to buck better under the right conditions." Then he paid for the bronc, closed his checkbook and went to the airport and returned to the Waco rodeo.

The man who had the mare to sell had brought her. She was tied in a corner of one of the catch pens just behind the chutes. Steiner glanced at her as he was getting the Grand Entry organized. She was sweating and nervous, shifting around constantly, her bay coat shiny with sweat. "She'll have herself wore down," Steiner said matter-of-factly. "That fellow ought to have left her somewhere outside."

The performance went better that night. The stock had had another day of rest after coming in off the road, and Steiner had gotten the mud situation corrected in the holding pens. It seemed to have an important effect. All of the bareback horses bucked hard and long, and there were no re-rides awarded. Even with the bull riding heavily weighted with inexperienced animals, the percentage that had been ridden was very low. Steiner was feeling good. He had expected to get torn up in this last rodeo, but it was not working out that way.

After the bull riding, after the arena had cleared, they brought up the mare and put her in a chute. Steiner had talked Sammy Montgomery into mounting out the horse for him and he had asked the pickup riders to stay on for just a few minutes.

The mare was still nervous, rearing up, chute fighting, rolling her eyes. It was an effort to get the flanking girth and bareback rigging on her. The man who owned her stood by watching. He said, nervously, "She's bucking for her life." Someone asked him what he meant and he answered, "If Tommy don't buy her I'm taking her down to Palestine." He meant the dog-food factory in Palestine, Texas, where they pay 16¢ a pound for horseflesh.

Sammy Montgomery, standing by the chute, drawing a heavily rosined glove onto his riding hand, said, "That mare ain't going to buck."

She looked like she would. She had a mean eye and a narrow, underslung jaw. And from the way she was kicking and slamming and fighting the chute, she seemed an outlaw. But that had nothing to do with bucking.

Montgomery crawled up on the chute. The mare was jumping around so hard that he could not take a seat on her. "I'll just fly her out. Open the gate," he said. He was above her, a boot on each side of the chute. He took his handhold and as the gate opened he dropped down on her.



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his spurs instinctively finding their hold in her shoulders

She did not buck. She came out squealing and jumping but not really bucking. Montgomery spurred her for a few little hops and then jumped off as one of the pickup men came alongside.

There was no need to say anything. The owner knew as well as Steiner that the animal had shown nothing. But as Steiner watched the mare being led away, he said, "Aw, I wouldn't take her to slaughter. Give her a chance. Take her down to some little rodeos. Maybe she'll learn how to buck. Give her a chance."

But the man kept on going, leading the mare out of the arena. It's a tough league to get cut in. Steiner stared after them for a second, then shrugged and turned away. "All right," he said to Farris, who was standing by for orders. "We better get the bulls rotated. Get those that are up tomorrow night on in here and let them start getting used to the place."

It would end very soon for the year and then would come the rest before the next season. The stock would be turned out to pasture, to run and roll around and shake off the fatigue and confinement of the 10-month schedule. It would be their holiday, their annual leave, and Steiner would give them almost 30 days of it before it was time to bring them in and start getting ready for the next season. They would have lost weight out on pasture, and the first move would be to beef them back up with a supplemented grain program. Then would come the testing and the tryouts, the picking of the team, the traveling squad that would go roaring off in the big cattle trucks to rodeos from one border to the other. For this selection process Steiner would hold jackpot rodeos at his ranch, attracting mostly local cowboys, but the occasional top rider would come around and this would give Steiner the chance to see the borderline cases up against the best. It would not be much different than any other tryout camp, the old veterans trying to make the team one more year, the newcomers pushing and shoving and asserting themselves.

"I get excited when we're cranking up for a new season," Steiner said. "All the stock is fresh and strong and looks so good. I think we're going to go out and put on the best rodeo ever and nobody will be able to ride my stock. Nobody." He paused and grinned. "Someday it might just happen." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 28-Feb. 3

PRO BASKETBALL NBA Rick Barry's flair for the grandiose if not the impossible resulted in four shots by Warrior wins this week. In Atlanta Barry scored 40 points including 20 in the third quarter to lift Golden State to a 129-127 win. Against Houston Rick hit a 28-foot jumper with two seconds left for a 120-108 victory. Golden State next won its seventh in a row, 120-91 from Milwaukee to close in within half a game of Pacific leader Los Angeles. In those games the Lakers received inspired play from backup guard Jerry West (61 points) and his hair sprayed Jim Price (64 points) downing Milwaukee 99-92 and Phoenix 121-110 before losing 119-112 in Phoenix. The Suns, who climbed out of the Pacific cellar, were playing their first game without scoring star Charlie Scott, out for the rest of the season with a broken arm. Chicago made a race in the Midwest more by extending its winning streak to seven beat Philadelphia 105-89. The Bulls trail Milwaukee, which lost three of four by 3½ games. Third-place Detroit ended New York's string of wins at 10 with a rough 96-91 victory on Dave DeBusschere Night at Cobo Arena. New York went back home and the next night routed Cleveland 103-87. Guard Walt Frazier joined the 10,000-point club with 21 points against the Cavs. New York had walloped Atlanta, gas-seller Boston 104-83 earlier in the week but remained seven games back in the Celtics *who won three of four. In the Central Division* Capital lost to Chicago 103-94 and Phoenix 127-107 before slobbering Cleveland 107-99. Atlanta lost three of four to remain second best.

ABA. Many fans at the All-Star Game in Norfolk, Va. believed that Kentucky's Artis Gilmore (18 points, 13 rebounds, four blocked shots) stole the coaches' poll's 128-112 last-minute victory in the game MVP trophy. The people's choice was San Antonio's rookie sensation Swen Nater, who scored 29 points and had 22 rebounds for the West. When the two big men went against each other in a regular-season game in Cincinnati, Nater dueled Gilmore 27 points to 24 and 19 rebounds to 24, and San Antonio beat Kentucky 110-107 in overtime. With the win the Spurs moved into a virtual second-place tie with Indiana. Losers in overtime in this week's leader Utah 118-113, fourth-place Denver swamped Virginia 138-120. The Rockets waived their All-Star guard Warren Jabali one day before Coach Alex Hannum claimed the reason for the veteran's release was Denver's search for more speed and a more open style of play. Jabali's replacement, Al Smith, dealt out 15 assists in the Virginia game. In the East, New York trounced Carolina 133-114 as Julius Erving scored a season-high 46 points. Then the Nets traveled to the Cougars' lair and were clawed 125-117. Carolina All-Star Guard Mack Calvin hit for 35 points and the Cougars drew within one game of New York, which had beaten San Antonio earlier 95-91. Kentucky was two back.

GOLF JACK NICKLAUS shot a final-round 70 for a 72-hole total of 271 to win the $44,000 first prize in the Hawaiian Open by three strokes over Eddie Pearce.

HOCKEY NHL. The All-Star Game provided a showcase for St. Louis Forward Garry Unger, who set up one goal and scored another shorthanded to lead the West over an injury-depleted East squad 6-4. Exhilarated by this taste of glory, Unger scored a hat trick in the Blues' 6-4 win against California. St. Louis closed out an unbeaten week by thumping Buffalo 6-1, solidifying its grip on third place in the West. The Blues now lead Atlanta by five points but still trail Chicago, which won two of three by nine. Front-runner Philadelphia dropped a 5-3 decision to East leader Boston despite the fact that the Bruins' premier defenseman Bobby Orr left the ice with a badly bruised left knee. The Flyers then beat Buffalo 4-3 as bully Dave Schultz again turned offensive with two goals. All the Flyers were goal-minded in the 12-2 shellacking of Detroit. In the East, Boston went one and one without Orr, beating Atlanta 4-2 on two Phil Esposito goals and losing 6-2 to Toronto. Second-place Montreal fell to Atlanta 5-3 and saw its lead over New York shrink to four points as the Rangers won three straight *(page 24)*. Toronto laced Atlanta 5-2 and Minnesota 3-1, as well as Boston, and looked more and more like a playoff team, moving eight points ahead of Buffalo. The Sabres lost three in a row. The New York Islanders mounted a three-game unbeaten string. Islander rookie Bobby Nystrom scored the pivotal goal in New York's first-ever win over Chicago (4-2), scored three goals in the third period in a 4-2 win against Los Angeles and set up one goal and scored the other to tie Vancouver 2-2.

WHA. If attendance is any measure, the new league is indeed acquiring respectability, especially in Quebec. The second-largest crowd ever [illegible] in WHA game history—10,548—saw the Nordiques down West leader Houston 6-4 with three third-period goals. Former Montreal Canadien Jean Claude Tremblay supplied one goal and one assist in the Nordique cause. In earlier Quebec wins over Cleveland (4-3) and Los Angeles (5-0), Tremblay had three goals. The Nordiques finished the week unbeaten by edging *Toronto 2-1 and climbed into third place* in the East, only one point back of the Toros. Meanwhile atop the division, New England won two of three, including a 5-2 beating of Houston. The Aeros had a tough time losing three of four, but held the West lead by six points over Winnipeg.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES Three world records highlighted action at the 9th Commonwealth Games in Christchurch, New Zealand. On the track, FILBERT BAYI of Tanzania took 9 seconds off Jim Ryun's 1,500-meter mark with a time of 3:32.2. In swimming, Australia's STEVE HOLLAND, recovering from an arm injury, broke his 800-meter freestyle record of 8:16.27, stroking in all 8:15.88 en route to winning a gold in the 1,500 and Canada's WENDY COOK eclipsed East German Ulle Bischer's 100-meter backstroke mark of 1:04.99 with a 1:04.78 opening leg on Canada's winning medley relay team. BEN JIPCHO of Kenya took a gold medal in the 5,000-meter run with the second fastest time ever, 13:14.4. He also won the 3,000-meter steeplechase and was third in the 1,500. And England's IAN THOMPSON rejoined the second-fastest marathon time in history (2:09:12). Australia led the medal parade with 29 gold, 28 silver and 25 bronze. England collected 28, 31, 21.

TRACK & FIELD The weight men finally captured some of the limelight usually reserved for runners and jumpers. A world indoor record heave of 70' 4½" in the shotput by GEORGI WOODS at the San Francisco Examiner Games did the trick. It was the second record-setting toss of the week for Woods, who first bettered the old mark at the Philadelphia Track Classic. In that meet TONY WALDROP ran his third straight sub-four minute mile, a 3:58.9 overtaking Mario Liquori in the stretch for the second time in four nights. At the Albuquerque Jaycee Invitational RICK WOHLHUTER outdueled Marcello Fiasconaro at 880 finishing in 1:49.4, the season's fastest half mile. MILAN TIFF won the triple jump at 54' 10" and the ATOMS Track Club of Brooklyn set an indoor world record in the women's mile relay with a 3:47.5. The quartet of MICHELLE McMILLAN, CHERYL TOUSSAINT, GALE FITZGERALD and BRENDA NICHOLS eclipsed the old mark by .9 second. Records also fell in the Ninth Annual Seattle Indoor Track Meet as FRANCIE LARRIEU won the women's mile in 4:34.6, bettering her world indoor mark of 4:36.5, and MARLENE IDEEB exceeded by 3½" the American women's record in the shotput with a toss of 55' 7½".

MILEPOSTS ELECTED. To Baseball's Hall of Fame, National Leaguers SUNNY JIM BOTTOMLEY and SAMUEL THOMPSON (both posthumously) and colorful Umpire JOCKO CONLAN. Bottomley played first base for the St. Louis Cardinals and Cincinnati Reds between 1922 and 1938, set a major league record by driving in 12 runs in one game, had a lifetime batting average of .310. Thompson had a lifetime batting average of .330, was an outfielder for Detroit (1885-88) and Philadelphia (1889-98) in the old National League. His career average of 923 RBIs per game is still a record. Conlan, a small, feisty man who was never a major-leaguer himself, was on the league's umpiring staff from 1941 to 1965.

NAMED. As head football coach at Army, HOMER SMITH, assistant coach and offensive coordinator at UCLA the past two years. At UCLA Smith helped introduce the Wishbone offense. Last year the Bruins led the nation in rushing, were second in scoring and third in total offense.

NAMED. As head football coach at Virginia Tech, JIMMY SHARPE, 34, offensive coordinator for Paul (Bear) Bryant at Alabama. Sharpe replaces Charlie Coffey, who resigned.

RESIGNED. JACK SCOTT, as director of athletics at Oberlin (Ohio) College. Scott, a controversial critic of the sports Establishment, was hired two years ago to make athletics a little more important at Oberlin. Robert Fuller, Oberlin president, who brought Scott in, also resigned. Said Scott: "The college is quickly becoming little more than an exclusive educational playground."

DIED. GLENN MORRIS, 61, 1936 Olympic decathlon champion, after a long illness in Palo Alto, Calif. Morris won the 1936 Sullivan Award as the nation's top amateur athlete. He later played pro football for the Detroit Lions and Tarzan in the movies and worked in construction until 1962.

CREDITS

9—Arnold Newman. John Dominis. 16—Jane Stewart. 17—Joe Marshall. 18—John Iacono. 19—Heinz Kluetmeier. 22, 23—Tony Tomsic. 32—James Drake. 45—John Iacono. 48—AP. 50—Fred Kaplan Black Star. 56—Trevion Atlanta. 72—Edward Quigle, III.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM WALKER, a junior at Rogers High in Newport, R.I., nailed down *his second straight* New England AAU high-jump title with a leap of 6'8". He has also tied the American outdoor record 16'11") in the 16-and-under age group and this winter jumped 6'10" indoors.



ADOLPH STANLEY, basketball coach at Rockford (Ill.) Boylan High, registered his 600th career victory, against 207 losses, with a 64-45 decision over Westchester St. Joseph. Stanley is the only coach to guide five different high schools into the state tournament.



JASON JACOBS, four, a *kindergartner from the* Dudley Stone School in San Francisco, set a U.S. and world age-group high-jump record with a leap of 2'10", bettering the existing mark by one foot. He has also long-jumped 6'8", 7½ inches short of that record.



BECKY VACURA, a senior at Monroe High School in Fairbanks, Alaska, scored 35 points and collected 19 rebounds to lead her basketball team to an 88-41 rout of rival Lathrop High. Monroe, the runner-up in the last two state finals, is now 21-0 this year.



JOHN NESTIC, a senior center on the St. Louis U. hockey team, has scored 14 goals in the Billikens' first 11 games this season, including a five-goal performance in their opening 7-2 win against North Dakota. In 126 intercollegiate games Nestic has scored 121 goals.



DOUGLAS GLATT, 13, of Fresno, Calif., won the U.S. Handball Association National Boys' Junior (15 years and under) championship at Shreveport, La., defeating Villa Hector III of El Paso 10-21, 21-3, 21-4. Glatt was the youngest player in the 1971 event.

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JOE ALMEIDA

Northridge, Calif.

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Attleboro, Mass.

Sirs:

When friends told me that SI had not featured our Bruin-beating Irish on the cover of your Jan. 28 issue, I was outraged. However, when I examined your coverage of such divine shapes as Cheryl Tiegs', I cheered just as loudly as I did when John Shumate brought down his last rebound on the most recent Catholic holy day, Jan. 19. Color coverage seems almost wasted on mortal athletes when compared with the article on heavenly swimsuits.

NORMAN BOWER

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

Nothing brightens up a drab January day better than your annual bathing-suit issue. I enjoyed all of the photographs—except the one of Esteban Padilla.

PAUL J. MAGUIRE

Melrose, Mass.

Sirs:

I would just like to know why a good magazine has to turn into a girlie magazine. My teen-age children read it. Two of my friends called and asked what I did. I told them that my husband took the magazine apart and removed the offensive pages; my friends destroyed their copies. You can terminate my subscription if it happens again.

MRS. GEORGE BRENNAN

Shamokin, Pa.

Sirs:

Our school has been subscribing to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for three years, and we have found it very helpful in our reading program. However, this week we will be unable to use your magazine. If this format continues we will have to cancel our subscription. This type of picture in the classroom causes so much disturbance there is no reading done.

JOYCE WAUGH
Principal
Paden City Grade School

Paden City, W. Va.

Sirs:

I know you'll get the usual deluge of letters from outraged mothers and narrow-minded people about your article. The only thing I can say is that if my son gets to be 13 or 14 years old and doesn't look, I'll take him to a psychologist. If my husband stops looking, I'll know he is dead.

FLORENCE WHALEN

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

On one of the rare occasions when you decide to dedicate eight pages and your cover to women, you once again blow it by not depicting women participating in sports or by interviewing a woman athlete. What do you show instead? Women modeling swimsuits. That's some sport! It seems that we go through this same display every year, and it is beginning to get ridiculous

DARIA STAVISKY
JO FINEMAN

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

Funny, but "the sight of a pretty girl in a swimsuit against a backdrop of sun, sand and surf" doesn't do a thing for my "midwinter blahs." Do you plan a sequel featuring men in bikinis?

CAROL FLOMERFELT

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I wonder if all those parents who respond to your annual bathing-suit issue by canceling the subscriptions of their innocent children to save them from the sight of such vulgar seminudity will forbid their children to go to the local beach or swimming pool this summer lest they see more of the same thing in person

JOHN W. INGRAHAM

New York City

Sirs:

I just received your annual "cancel my subscription" issue. Here's hoping that summer arrives at once.

R. L. KASPERIK

Derry, Pa.

MAN AND NATURE

Sirs:

I find Charles Fraser's ideas of resort development and recreational land utilization (*No Shadows on the Beach*, Jan. 28) disgusting and appalling. Surely Mr. Fraser fills a need on the part of those people who wish to pay $80 per day for the privilege of playing tennis at a resort where Charles Pasarell and Marty Riessen own condominiums.

However, he has totally misstated the purpose of the Sierra Club and its attitude toward wilderness. Each year the club expands its guided-tour program, leading thousands of people through the wilderness in an attempt to spread appreciation for it.

I would not deny Mr. Fraser his right to build a resort at Palmas del Mar, but the expansion of wilderness does not mean "let's not let anybody else come here." Rather, establishment of wilderness areas means that Americans will always have a place for themselves and their children to truly understand the harmony of nature. I do not believe my wife's delight and fascination at seeing her first wild doe with its fawn last September in Colorado's San Juan Primitive Area would have been quite the same if Stan Smith and Arthur Ashe had been lobbing tennis balls in the background.

J. K. SKILLERN

Fort Worth

WOMEN IN ACTION

Sirs:

As a high school basketball player and a girl, I was very pleased with your article on JFK College (Jan. 28). Women basketball players are deserving of publicity. Until recently, a female athlete was forced to live in anonymity. Billie Jean King has cured some of those injustices. Your article shows that women's basketball is not just a bunch of girls shooting chest shots on an asphalt court, but a finely honed group of athletes dedicated to the sport.

DOTTI DEARY

Modesto, Calif.

Sirs:

That was a terrific article by Jane Gross. It is about time there was more written about women in sports. The John F. Kennedy College women's basketball team proves this point. I have seen the team play and I was truly impressed.

IONE L. WENRICH

Wernersville, Pa.

MACHINE AGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

As a 10-year professional with major league experience, a major college coach for the last 10 years and the father of 8- and 9-

continued

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Each of the Hilton's 500 guest rooms (any of which you can charge on the American Express Card) has a floor-to-ceiling picture window and a balcony that gives you a picturebook view of the city, the park, and—in some cases—the Alps.



Even the pool has a view. That's Englischer Garten beyond.

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If you go to Munich in summer, you can also play tennis, golf, or go horseback riding at a nearby sports club, one of the privileges of staying at the München Hilton.

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year-old sons, I must react to the negative comments made by two of your readers (Jan. 21) concerning the use of the modern pitching machines and particularly JUGS.

These new machines, with their tremendous flexibility of speeds and pitches and their superb control factor, have been a great aid to college coaches all over America in developing better hitters. To say these machines could not benefit younger players as much is ridiculous. In fact, these machines are the answer to the problem of all walks, few hits in boys' baseball leagues today.

KAT STORIST
Baseball Coach
Texas Tech
Lubbock, Texas

Sirs:

It appears that a small controversy is developing, possibly because of misinformation on the use of the pitching machine. The Atherton Little League may have been the first to use the JUGS pitching machine. We have used it since 1971, both as a teaching aid and as a "pitcher" in our minor league program for 8- and 9-year-olds. Major and advance leagues have regular pitching and use the machine in practices for multiple-purpose teaching, i.e., bunting, catching fly balls, infield batting practice and controlled games.

I was fortunate enough to have played for the Pittsburgh Pirates for four years (1953-56) under the leadership of the late Branch Rickey. Mr. Rickey was the innovator of many teaching and conditioning aids for major league spring training camps. Over the years these and other techniques have been incorporated into virtually all training programs. The JUGS machine is part of this development, but it is more versatile than any others I have seen. Contrary to John Jay Wilbeim's comments, JUGS has the capability of throwing fastballs, curves, sliders, knucklers or screwballs, simulating either a lefthander or a righthander, and pitching from major league to Little League speeds. JUGS will challenge any good hitter.

Not every player, regardless of the teaching method used, will be a .300 hitter. But JUGS is a good aid and helps expedite practice. In our program it provides uniformity of opportunity in tryouts. At the same time, it helps younger hitters develop the confidence to hit a curveball or slider and to bunt. JUGS has excellent control and, since there is no fear of being hit, the batter learns to stand in there and take his cuts.

JACK E. SHEPARD
President
Atherton Little League
Menlo Park, Calif.

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